



THE SKETCH



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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



IS THE QUEEN OF SHEBA TO BE QUEEN OF SCOTS? MISS BETTY BLYTHE.

Miss Betty Blythe plays the title-rôle in the film "The Queen of Sheba," which is creating so much interest in London; and it is rumoured that she may play Mary Queen of Scots in a forthcoming film. The Queen of Sheba, by the way, is a "popular" historical

person at the moment, for, in addition to the film which has aroused so much controversy, Sir E. A. Wallis Budge last week issued a translation of "Kebra Nagast" ("The Glory of the Kings") under the title of "The Queen of Sheba and her Only Son, Menylek."

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED DANGERFIELD, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND..."

Blackbird or Thrush? I have had, I regret to say, a slight difference of opinion with my barber. Neither of us, of course, was quite normal. I was still "nervy" from influenza, and he had just emerged from his home after suffering from the same preposterous complaint.

"You don't look quite yourself," I observed. "Perhaps not, Sir," he replied. "I hadn't been in the shop ten minutes when you arrived."

"Oh! You've had it too, have you?"

"Yes, Sir. I have not been exempt from the prevailing epidemic."

"Are you quite sure you ought to be at work?"

"That's for you to decide, Sir. My hand may be a little shaky, but I think I can manage."

"Oh," said I doubtfully. "All right. Have a shot." And I sat down.

He seemed somewhat feverish, or it may have been that I was apprehensive. At any rate, we talked about bird life and signs of spring.

"I heard the blackbird this morning," said he.

"Must have been the thrush," I corrected.

"Oh, no, Sir—the blackbird. The blackbird is always the first."

I looked it up when I got home. He was quite wrong. But it is not diplomatic to contradict a barber when his hand is shaky from 'flu.

It is time that loose statements of this sort were examined with care, because your neighbours, friend the reader, who know that you, for example, have *not* been putting in a fortnight at St. Moritz might jump to the conclusion that you were nobody. Which would be obviously ridiculous.



THE LATEST REVUE AND MUSICAL-COMEDY STAR: MISS MARY LEIGH, OF "POT LUCK."

Miss Mary Leigh, of "Pot Luck," at the Vaudeville, is considered one of the best "discoveries" in theatre-land for some time. She is an extremely clever actress, and sings and dances with considerable charm. Her "Pot Luck" parts include a dance with Miss Marjorie Brooks in the "Calypso" number; the rôle of the Russian Cigarette in "In Cigarette Land"; Spendy in "Put-Upon"; and that of the Girl in "No One's Ever Kissed Me." Our photograph shows her in a Russian costume.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

Let us squelch that kind of insinuation, once and for all.

Take politics. Who are the best-known people in politics? Mr. Lloyd George, let us say, Mr. Winston Churchill, and Mr. Bottomley. None of these gentlemen has

been to St. Moritz this season. If they had, they would have been photographed on one leg for *The Sketch*, and I have seen no photograph of any of them on one leg.

Take the Church. Has the Archbishop of Canterbury been to St. Moritz? Or the Archbishop of York? Or the Bishop of London? No. And yet they are quite somebodies in clerical circles, and clerical circles are by no means to be ignored.

But wait a moment. Why not begin at the top? Has any member of the Royal family been to St. Moritz this season? I think not.

And how about celebrities in other walks of life? Has Mr. Robey been? No. Has Mrs. Asquith been? No. Has Mr. Tolley been? No. Need I continue?

Consolation Facts.

In any case, don't grieve. I find from another column of the same journal that it is snowing in Adelboden, Les Avants, Champéry, Engelberg, Grindelwald, Gstaad (anything might happen there), Loeche-les-Bains, Montana-Vermala, Morgins, Mürren, St. Cergue, Ste. Croix le Rasses, Villars Chesieres, Wengen, and Zweisimmen. Snowing hard in all those places. Snowing on everybody who is anybody.

There is a blizzard at Chateau d'Oex; it is overcast at Andermatt, Arosa, Caux, and Davos; and cloudy at St. Moritz.

So you can go if you like. If you are stung to action on learning that you are nobody, you can pack up and pop off and have a little quiet snowballing. You may enjoy yourself or you may not, but at least you will have the satisfaction of feeling that you are where everybody is—with the few exceptions I have named.

Personally, I hold that Mrs. Mary Peasey and her husband are in the right of it. Mrs. Peasey is seventy-nine and her husband is eighty-one, and they have just celebrated their diamond wedding. But not at St. Moritz—not even at Gstaad. They celebrated it at the Almshouses, Church Gardens, Ealing. Something very peaceful about that. Something in excellent quiet taste. Mr. and Mrs. Peasey have my sincere wishes for their future happiness.

Origin of the Fig-Leaf.

"It was Eve and not Adam who first thought of the fig-leaf."

This astounding statement is made by a gentleman in an article on "Woman's Clothes." It is a very dangerous and misleading statement. There is no sort of authority for it. According to the Bible story, Adam and Eve thought of fig-leaves at the same moment. Why give Eve all the credit? In point of fact, I should not be surprised to learn that Adam was the one to think first of the leaves, being a gardener, and that Eve sewed them together, being a clever hand with her needle.

Perhaps one of the ladies or gentlemen who keep in active touch with those who have gone before would not mind putting a question on the subject.

Bitter Words on Bird Life. Besides, there is just a chance that my book on bird life is out of date since the Great War. I don't see why the war should have affected everybody and everything except the birds. I must ask one or two naturalists about this. Personally, I scarcely think the ordinary garden bird is quite so well-mannered as it used to be. It is wilder, less grateful. You may crumble half a loaf on the garden path, and the post-war bird will not come near the refection.

In the days of one's youth, birds were extremely credulous. One could catch them alive in very clumsy contrivances called brick traps. You simply made a little box of bricks, and propped one brick up with a stick, and sprinkled a few crumbs inside the trap, and tied a long string to the stick. Then you waited until the foolish bird went into the trap, pulled the string, and down came the brick (not on the bird, of course).

Does anyone imagine that the post-war bird would be so easily deceived? The thing is unthinkable. Here, as elsewhere, times have changed.

Consider the pre-war as compared with the post-war egg. Before the war, it was no uncommon affair to find a large brown egg waiting for you on your breakfast table. Do you ever see that kind of egg now? Well, do you? No, you know you don't. And half the hens are drawing the dole without turning a feather.

Who is Not Who? "Everybody who is anybody," says a writer in an evening journal, "has been putting in at least a fortnight at St. Moritz."



CLUBLAND CARICATURES: THE JUNIOR UNITED SERVICE.

The Junior United Service Club, which was established in 1827, is the second oldest Service Club in England. It was intended to accommodate officers not eligible for the United Service, then the only Naval and Military Club in London. The proposal to form the Club was made by

officers of the Headquarter Staff, Horse Guards, and the Duke of Wellington showed his approval by becoming one of its first patrons. Sir Edmund Barrow is one of the trustees, who include Sir James R. D. McGrigor, Bt., and General Sir A. J. Murray, G.C.M.G., etc.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY H. F. CROWTHER SMITH.

The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."



The Chief Topic.

Naturally, the one topic this week is the Royal wedding. Princess Mary's individual friends are sending their presents daily now, and Miss Dorothy Yorke, her Royal Highness's Lady-in-Waiting, is having a busy time; though to her personal friends, of course, Princess Mary writes herself.

It is most considerate of the Queen to decide that ladies, after all, are to wear morning dress and hats, "in view of the probable cold weather and the continued prevalence of the influenza epidemic."

I hear that Princess Mary's wedding is to be kept as simple as possible. The King and Queen particularly disapprove of anything in the least verging on the theatrical—the prevailing note of so many much-advertised weddings during the last few years. Her Royal Highness's bridal train is being woven by an accomplished weaver at Braintree, and when finished will indeed be worthy of her. It is ivory satin all interwoven with the finest silver, and its weight will make the rich folds fall beautifully as she moves.

The Return for the Wedding.

When the Princess returned to Buckingham Palace on Wednesday it must have been with mingled feelings of joy and that natural reluctance of all girls to leave the beloved home of their childhood. The next time she sees York Cottage she will be a guest—not quite the same as being the daughter of the house. And she is particularly devoted to her country home, and to the greater freedom she finds there. She will be dreadfully missed at Sandringham, where she is always so full of life and go. But I hear that Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria are indeed delighted at the happiness of their darling. Alas! even Royalty must pay the price of loving on this earth; and, life being full of change, the inevitable law must be that one man's gain is the loss of many.

A gloomy note I seem to have struck! And there is nothing but joy in the hearts of all who really love Princess Mary. Everyone is delighted at the marriage, of course; but a daughter, a grand-daughter, a niece, a sister, and the only one, is a very great deal to give to a man all at one little short ceremony. It is more than fortunate that Lord Lascelles has fallen into the good graces of everyone. Our Royal family, like many another family held together by deep devotion to each other, however much we may rejoice with them—our Royal family need all our human understanding and loving sympathy too. For Princess Mary is very, very precious. Her marriage means change—of the happy variety, but still change to the Royal circle.

Lady Maidstone.

Lady Maidstone's little dance on Monday night was delightful. Her house in Manchester Square seems most adaptable, and, with most of the furniture removed, appears much bigger than one had imagined. She is very beautiful, with her classical features and Madonna-like expression, and, like most American women, her taste in dress is perfect.

Lady Maidstone is the daughter of Mr. Anthony Drexel, the well-known American millionaire, who used to entertain so often on his yacht, the *Margaretta*. Her mother, who is very popular in London, was Miss Margarita Armstrong, of Baltimore, and is now Mrs. Fitzgerald, having married Colonel Brinsley Fitzgerald, a younger son of the last Knight of Kerry, in 1918.

Lord Maidstone is, of course, the eldest son and heir of the thirteenth Earl of Winchelsea, and is in the Royal Air Force.

The Morrison-Bells.

Mrs. Clive Morrison-Bell gave a very jolly children's party the other day at her house in Chesham Place—an afternoon party, as her children are still very young. She is the sister of the handsome Lord Powerscourt, and shares the wonderful Wingfield looks. Indeed, I always think Lord Powerscourt more like an old-world Viking of Scandinavian saga than an Irish peer. He probably gets his fairness from the English Cokes, however, as his mother was a daughter of the second Lord Leicester.

Major Morrison-Bell is the Conservative Member of Parliament for the Honiton Division, Devonshire, and has been in the Scots Guards since 1890—seconded most of the time, however (except, of course, during the war in South Africa and the European war, when he rejoined for active service). His mother, Lady Morrison-Bell, is one of the most picturesque old ladies in the world with her snow-white wavy hair brushed back off her young forehead, her pink cheeks, and her sunny smile.

They are a Northumberland family, and the head of it, Sir Claude Morrison-Bell, inherited Highgreen, Northumberland, and Balcombe Tower, Bournemouth, from his father, the first Baronet, who died in 1914.

Another brother is Colonel Ernest Morrison-Bell (so well known in the Army—he was in the immortal 9th Lancers), who was also a Unionist Member for Mid-Devon for some years.

Other Parties. On Feb. 1 Lord and Lady Granard gave a large dinner party at Forbes House—their first since their return from America. (Which reminds me that they should have been included in the list last week of well-known Roman Catholics in London who had kept the previous week sacred to the memory of the late Pope—they and the family of Lord Granard's mother, the Petres, who are also amongst our oldest Roman Catholic families.)

On Thursday, Feb. 2, Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck gave a dinner party at her house in Richmond Terrace—a delightful house with walls hung with lovely old pictures.

On Friday, the 3rd, Mr. and Mrs. Austen Chamberlain entertained their friends at dinner at 11, Downing Street; and the night before last, the 6th, being the eve of the opening of Parliament, there were so many important political parties that London was like the good old days our grandmothers still talk about: an enormous dinner party at 1, Carlton House Terrace, for men only, when Lord Curzon of Kedleston was host to the principal members of the House of Lords; another great dinner at 10, Downing Street, where the Prime Minister entertained eminent members of his Cabinet and of the House of Commons; and, to end up with, Lord and Lady Farquhar's evening reception at their house in Grosvenor Square, to which most people from the various dinner parties went on. And yesterday Parliament opened,

1. Angela now has discovered an entirely new profession, by which she earns an elegant competency. She has a magnificent barometer and some weather charts, and has become a Weather Prophet. She has a Greek costume for this new departure—of a very chaste and intellectual appearance.



2. People stand in queues for hours waiting to consult her.

and last night Mr. and Mrs. Walter Burns gave a big dinner party at their house in Grosvenor Street—this, however, has nothing to do with the opening of Parliament.

The Phoenix Production.

There have been several interesting luncheons and dinners—a specially interesting dinner *chez* Lady Cunard before the Phoenix Society's latest: "The Chances,"



3. For her prophecies are always correct, and her clients always know whether to take their ermines or their organdies upon their week-end visits.

a comedy from the quarto of 1692 "as it is acted at the Theater Royal, By his Grace the Duke of Buckingham, Author of The Rehearsal." The original play was, of course, by Fletcher, who founded his plot upon "La Señora Cornelia," which is from Cervantes's "Novelas Exemplares."

It created a good deal of excitement, too, this play, and gave rise to much talk. One critic, you'll remember, said "... the women, as often happens in these revivals of old comedies, had the best of it. Is it because women change less with the ages than men? Or is it because they enjoy with more zest the opportunity for franker speech than modern manners allow them?" These queries certainly offer subjects for piquant dinner-table arguments. I attended one gathering where a keen feminist got quite annoyed over the talk, and wasn't soothed by an amusing quotation from some philosopher which was advanced. Woman, it appears, is always slightly behind man. She looks back. He looks forward. So, when society is moving downwards, women are nearest heaven; and when it takes the up-grade, they are more adjacent to—well, the other place! It's a pretty theory; but, in order to define our position at the moment, it's necessary to decide which way society is moving!

Not an "Approved" Mistress.

Such a flutter in the household was caused by the recent pronouncements by the Consultative Committee of Women's Organisations on the subject of domestic servants. What constitutes an "approved" mistress, I wonder? A good Sabbatarian for one thing, I fancy, for all London has laughed over the family who would give Sunday lunches, though their parlourmaid disapproved. One day they had some really important people coming, and

arranged to meet them in the Park and walk home. It was a crisp, bright morning, and they arrived feeling very hungry and looking forward to a good lunch. No answer when the bell was rung, and, since the host had forgotten his latchkey, he finally effected an entry through the basement window. The house was full of unwashed crockery, and contained neither servants nor food, but a note saying, "We hope you'll enjoy your lunch!" The staff had been paid on Saturday night, and had decamped for good! So the party had to depart to a restaurant and eat a belated and rather expensive meal!

Another Record for the U.S.A.

The joke of the week, however, has been the Asquith family again. What would we do without them in this depressed and depressing age? America must be an even more remarkable country than I supposed, since it has provided another historic event. It is the only place where Mrs. Asquith has not been able to make herself heard! Some record, I fancy, even for the land of Washington, Poppa Ford, and other wonders.

Yesterday, February 7, Miss Gladys Greenwood, Sir Hamar Greenwood's sister, was married to Mr Simon Rodney at St. James's, Piccadilly, and there was a reception afterwards at Wimborne House, in Arlington Street, lent by Lord and Lady Wimborne to the bride's sister-in-law, Lady Greenwood, for the occasion.

Matinée at the Apollo Theatre.

A number of stalls are already sold for the matinée at the Apollo Theatre, on Tuesday, February 21, to assist the Invalid Children's Aid Association. Lord Grenfell is one of the leading workers on its behalf, and the Queen has promised to give it her Royal patronage. The Duke of Newcastle, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Curzon of Kedleston, Lady Salisbury, and Miss Megan Lloyd George are just a few of the well-known people who are interesting themselves. The next night, February 22, a ball in celebration of George Washington's birthday will be held at the Hyde Park Hotel under the auspices of the English-speaking Union (with which is incorporated the Atlantic Union, founded in 1897) at which the Duchess of Sutherland will receive the guests. The General Committee includes most of the prominent Anglo-American names, as well as many others.

On the fifteenth, Mrs. Bischoffsheim is giving a large dinner party at Bute House, South Audley Street. She is the mother of Lady Fitzgerald, and grandmother of the present Knight of Kerry, and is a popular London hostess.

On the ninth (to move backwards), there will be a concert at the Hyde Park Hotel in aid of the Winter Distress League. The Duchess of Norfolk is going, and the Duchess of Atholl, the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Exeter, Lady Carisbrooke, and many others.

The programme has been arranged by Mrs. Maurice Drummond (who herself has a lovely contralto voice); and Miss Mary Portman will play the violin, Lauritz Melchior, the Danish tenor, will sing, Miss Gertrude Blomfield, Mr. Frederick Randalow Miss Hare, and several others.

The Army Trembles.

There is much talk, pertinent and impertinent, going on about the possible reductions in all branches of the Army, once the decisions of the Geddes Committee have really been made public. The very young officer is safe enough; the post-war ones or the ones who are still in the early thirties can't possibly be affected. The danger is to the colonels and majors who are

mid-way toward promotion. In the old days a major, for instance, was safe to retain his commission until the age of fifty, by which age he must either have been promoted or must leave the Army. Rumour states that forty-four is to be the decisive age now. This is a great bombshell to the numerous majors who are in the early forties with no chance of promotion for many years to come—majors for the most part *who were lieutenant-colonels during the war*, but have been reduced in rank since, owing to demobilisation of their men, and to the need to economise pay.

Of course the Geddes axe must grind something, but it seems unfortunate that its first suggestion should hit the very men who did most for the Empire—the Old Contemptibles, who fought and worked and sacrificed their all for four long years. It seems hopeless, too, as when these officers joined the Army in their youth, they did so in the full confidence that their country would be faithful to the Army Regulation *as then laid down*.

Irrepressible Jane does not understand these things. If the Army must economise, let it start by ceasing for a few years to enter into *new obligations*. At least the old Regulations signed by honourable men—by Ministers of the King—the old written word should hold good, however many axes may grind elsewhere.

Of course, the same old answer will be forthcoming. . . . An Act of Parliament can write out any *old* regulation. But can it? Can it without placing eternal stigma on *every* regulation? If our scraps of paper are to be considered mere scraps of paper, it hardly seems to have been worth while—that Great War our soldiers fought to fulfil England's share in another scrap of paper!



4. And how does Angela come by this "stable information"? She reads up all the professional weather prophets and reverses their decisions.

To Irrepressible Jane it is all one big lesson in casuistry, and she, poor ignoramus, thought only diplomats needed that.

But she is only a woman, and the world is very wonderful. IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.

Stage, Sport, and Society: Pictured Events of the Week.



MISS NANCY PRICE (MRS. CHARLES MAUDE) AS THE WHISKERED OLD SALT, AND HER DAUGHTER, MISS JOAN MAUDE, AS THE SPIRIT OF THE SEA, AT A DANCE MATINEE.



LORD AIREDALE'S FIFTH DAUGHTER MARRIED: THE HON. THELMA KITSON (HOLDING TRAIN); THE HON. MARK KEARLY; THE HON. VIOLET KITSON; MR. W. G. SHEILL; MISS B. WAYNHAM-DIXON, AND MISS AGNES NORMAN (L. TO R.).



THE MARRIAGE OF NOVELIST AND "LOYAL ASSOCIATE": CAPT. GILBERT FRANKAU AND HIS BRIDE, MISS AIMÉE DE BURGH.



THE QUEEN OF THE XV. ARRONDISSEMENT (CENTRE) AND HER MAIDS OF HONOUR: MLE. SOLANGE DE FOUCOURT; MLE. RENÉE DURAND, AND MLE. SIMONE WEEKER.



AT THE NICE RACES: LORD ABERCONWAY AND HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, THE HON. MRS. FRANCIS McLAREN.



A MEMBER OF THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE TEAM WHICH BEAT BEACONSFIELD: CAPT. B. MILBURN.



ONE OF THE FOURSOMES IN THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE MATCH V. BEACONSFIELD: CAPTAIN G. F. N. PALMER; CAPTAIN R. S. LAMBERT; MR. P. C. HARVEY, AND MR. G. WOOD.



DRIVING FROM THE FIRST TEE AT WOKING: CAPTAIN E. R. M. FRYER.

Miss Nancy Price appeared with her thirteen-year-old daughter at the Æolian Hall matinee in aid of the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital. Miss Joan Maude designed her dresses and arranged the dances.—The marriage of the Hon. Violet Kitson and Mr. W. G. Sheill took place at St. Saviour's, Walton Street.—The marriage of Captain

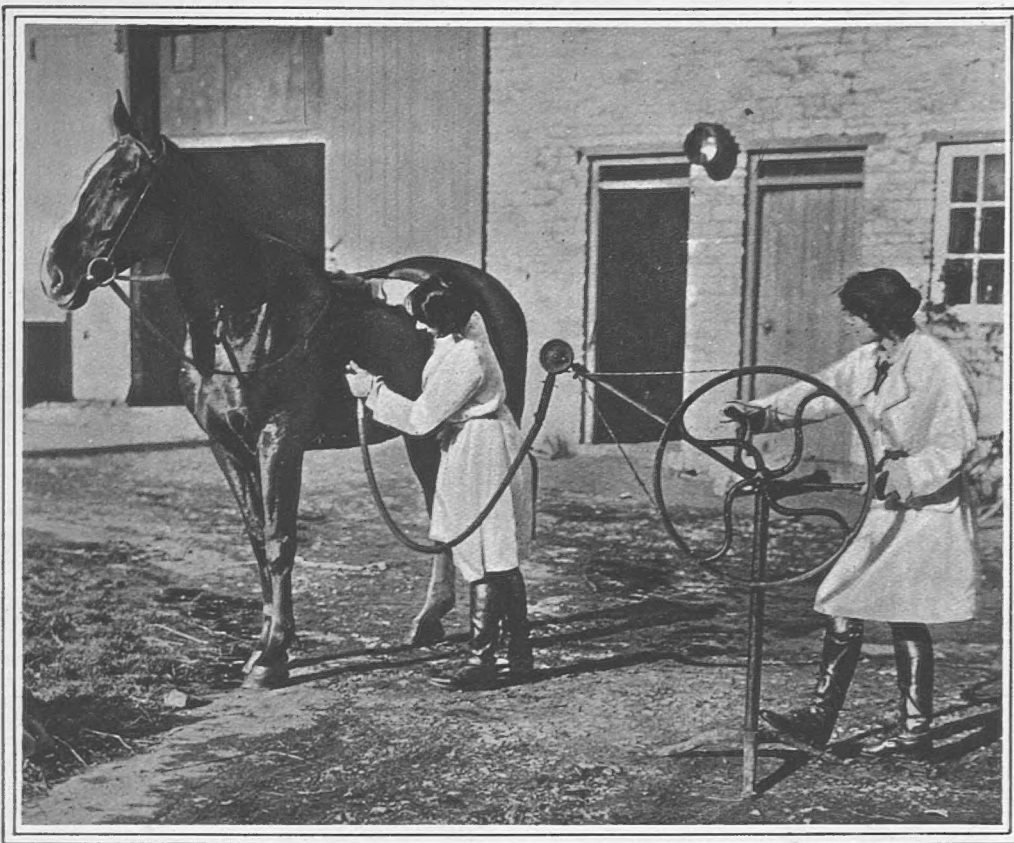
Gilbert Frankau, eldest son of the late Mrs. Frankau (Frank Danby), to Miss Aimée de Burgh, formerly Mrs. Léon Quartermaine, took place at Oakham, Rutland. Gilbert Frankau's new novel, "The Love Story of Allette Brunton," is dedicated to "my wife and loyal associate, Aimée de Burgh Frankau."

Photographs by S. and G., Navello, Farringdon Photo. Co., M. Rol, G.P.U., and C.N.

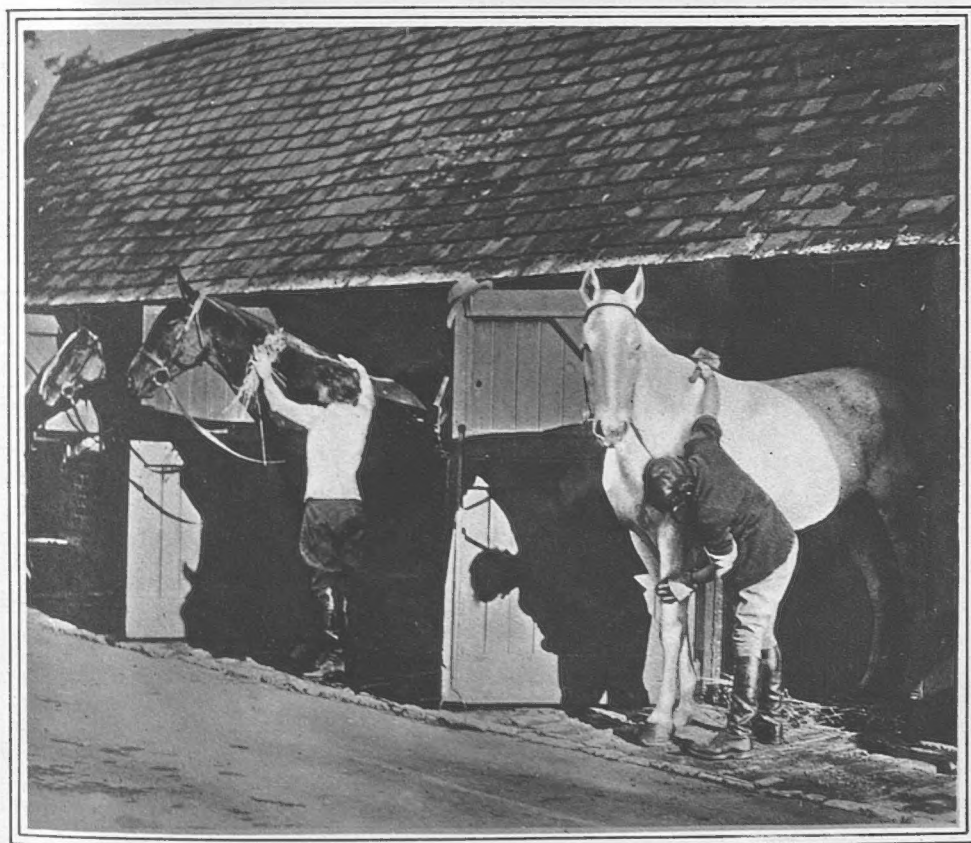
Society Girl Horse-Dealers: Mordaunt and Brooke.



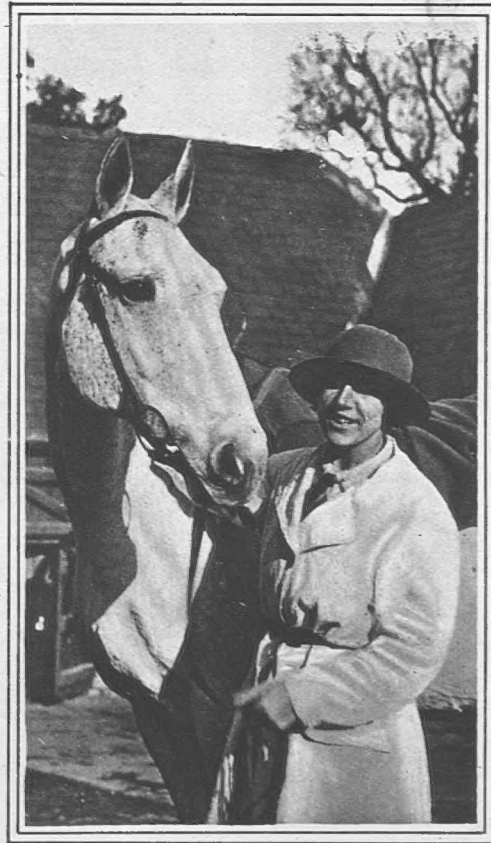
WITH ONE OF HER FAVOURITES:
MISS IDA BROOKE.



AN OPERATION CALLING FOR SKILL: MISS WINIFRED MORDAUNT
AND MISS IDA BROOKE CLIPPING A HORSE.



THE MORNING TOILETTE: MISS BROOKE AND MISS MORDAUNT GROOMING
THEIR HORSES.



WITH ONE OF HER FAVOURITES:
MISS WINIFRED MORDAUNT.

Miss Winifred Mordaunt and Miss Ida Brooke are running a stable at Moreton Morrell, in the centre of the Warwickshire country. Their business consists of buying and selling hunters, and they also take in horses for the season. They possess a splendid lot of hunters, and do all the stable work themselves, including the clipping. Miss Winifred

Mordaunt is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Charles Mordaunt, tenth Baronet, and sister of the present holder of the title. She is a half-sister of the Marchioness of Bath, and was awarded the Croix de Guerre for her work during the war; and her unmarried sister, Miss Cicely Mordaunt, has the Order of Queen Elizabeth.

Kitty of Frying Pan Alley Answers Her Critics.



THE ORIGINAL OF THE BIRLEY PICTURE:
MRS. KITTY BROOKS.

EXHIBITED AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERIES "NAMELESS" SHOW: MR. OSWALD BIRLEY'S "KITTY OF FRYING PAN ALLEY"; REPRODUCED IN THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



AT HOME IN FRYING PAN ALLEY:
MRS. KITTY BROOKS.



IN THE DRESS WORN IN HER PICTURE: THE CHARMING ORIGINAL
OF THE FLOWER-GIRL.

Mr. Oswald Birley's picture of a flower-girl, entitled "Kitty of Frying Pan Alley," was exhibited in the "Nameless" Exhibition of Paintings and Drawings of Contemporary British Artists last year, where it aroused much interest. A coloured reproduction of the painting was presented to readers of the "Illustrated London News" with the Christmas Number

for 1921; but the general admiration felt for the picture was combined with criticisms. "What London flower-girl could be so pretty?" "Why 'of Frying Pan Alley'?" were queries. This page answers both questions, for it shows Mrs. Kitty Brooks, the original of the picture, in her flower-selling "kit" and also at home—in Frying Pan Alley.

Photograph from the painting by Oswald Birley. (Copyright of the picture strictly reserved by the artist.) Other photographs by S. and G.

Misunderstood.



THE PLUMBER: I've called ter see ther old geyser.
JEAMES: 'Er Ladyship's not at 'ome.
DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS" (GLOBE).

A first-rate Pinero-esque play by A. A. Milne. The story of a Victorian poet's fraud. Brilliantly acted by Irene Vanbrugh, Norman McKinnel, and others.

"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

Mr. Gay's famous Operetta is presented in C. Lovat Fraser settings. "Revised" version, with songs originally omitted.

"A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT" (ST. MARTIN'S).

A triumph for Meggie Albanesi. A great play—presuming an Act allowing insanity to be a valid plea for divorce.

"THE WHEEL" (APOLLO).*

The triangle (Eternal, not Y.M.C.A.) in India. Picturesque and poignant drama. Brilliant acting by Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry; and excellent "support."

"AMBROSE APPLEJOHN'S ADVENTURE" (CRITERION).

Sir Charles Hawtrey in perfection as his stage self and as a "tuppenny"-coloured, Skeltery pirate with "scummy" oaths.

"THE SIGN ON THE DOOR" (PLAYHOUSE).

A Murder-Mystery Drama; and a magnificent piece of acting by Miss Gladys Cooper. Altogether a "gripping" play.

"THE FAITHFUL HEART" (COMEDY).

The story of a love affair; a career; and an unexpected daughter, who causes the Staff Colonel, her father, to go back to the Mercantile Marine as a Captain. A most convincing play.

PLAYS EXCEPTIONALLY WORTH SEEING.

1. GRAND GUIGNOL (LITTLE THEATRE).

An interesting series of plays. The most gruesome of the quintet is "The Regiment," a drama new here, and distinctly too horrible for the average British playgoer.

2. "THE FUN OF THE FAYRE" (LONDON PAVILION).

Mr. Cochran's latest revue. Second attractive version, with new scenes and dances.

[Continued opposite.



IN "ME AND MY DIARY," AT THE STRAND:
MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS.

Continued.]

3. "POT LUCK!" (VAUDEVILLE).

A Cabaret Show, with Beatrice Lillie and Jack Hulbert excellent.

4. THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS (PRINCE'S).

Rupert D'Oyly Carte's Season; with all the favourites which have made Gilbert and Sullivan Opera a delight for so many years.

5. "BULL-DOG DRUMMOND" (WYNDHAM'S).

By "Sapper." Described by Sir Gerald du Maurier as a "Thick-Ear Play"—otherwise, hot-and-strong melodrama.

6. "SALLY" (WINTER GARDEN).

Musical comedy—mostly Leslie Henson, but with large doses of George Grossmith, Dorothy Dickson, and other clever people.

7. "QUALITY STREET" (HAYMARKET).

Sir J. M. Barrie's most sugary play, charmingly presented, and well acted by Fay Compton, Mary Jerrold, Hilda Trevelyan, and Leon Quartermaine.

8. "THE CO-OPTIMISTS" (PALACE).

An amusing "Follyish" show, described as a Pierrotic entertainment. New programme.

9. "WELCOME STRANGER" (LYRIC).

The un-"Welcome Stranger" provides a triumph for the Jewish Potash-and-Perlmutter comedian, Harry Green, who is both amusing and sympathetic. Mr. George Elton also excellent.

10. "BLOOD AND SAND" (NEW THEATRE).

A picturesque swaggar adapted from Ibañez's novel, and with a happy domestic ending. Mr. Matheson Lang as the Matador hero—with pig-tail—Miss Lillah McCarthy as the alluring Doña Sol, Miss Florence Saunders as Rosario, Mr. W. F. Grant as El Nacional. Received with much enthusiasm and likely to allow Mr. Lang to grow a real queue, as he wishes!

11. "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK" (LONDON HIPPODROME).

With George Robey and Clarice Mayne.

12. "THE BAT" (ST. JAMES'S).

A mass of familiar detective complications; with a mystery very well sustained till the end.

CINEMAS.

"THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE" (COVENT GARDEN).

Natural-Colour; Lady Diana Manners, Victor MacLagan; and the Fire of London.

"THE QUEEN OF SHEBA" (PHILHARMONIC HALL).

Causing much controversy.



MISS GERTRUDE JENNINGS'S PLAY AT THE ALDWYCH: GLADYS GRAY; ERIC LEWIS; EVAN THOMAS; DORIS LYTTON; KATE CUTLER; DONALD CALTHROP; AND HENRIETTA WATSON (LEFT TO RIGHT), IN "MONEY DOESN'T MATTER."

It should be noted that the opinion here given is purely editorial and entirely unprejudiced, and for the benefit of those who are not regular visitors to town, and have but a short time at their disposal. It must be emphasised that there are other entertainments well worth seeing. These include "A to Z"; "The Golden Moth";

"Paddy the Next Best Thing"; "Money Doesn't Matter"; "Cairo"; "Aladdin," at the London Palladium; "The Night Cap"; and "Me and My Diary," which precedes "Old Jig." None of these "mentions" is paid for. We do not include "The Bird of Paradise" in our list, as we have not seen the revival. * First mention in our list.

Grand Guignol Pathos; Tragedy; Horror; and Sparkle.



"THE REGIMENT": GOTTLIEB (GEORGE OWEN) EXAMINED BY DOCTOR WOLFF (STOCKWELL HAWKINS).



"CUPBOARD LOVE": STEPHANIE MEYRICK (SYBIL THORNDIKE) AND DEREK LANE (NICHOLAS HANNEN).



"AMENDS": MILLICENT WENTWORTH (SYBIL THORNDIKE) VISITS HER FORMER LOVER, ROBERT MAYNARD (GEORGE BEALBY).



"DE MORTUIS": KATIE CRIPPS (SYBIL THORNDIKE) WITH MRS. CRIPPS (BARBARA GOTT), HERBERT CRIPPS (STOCKWELL HAWKINS), AND THE FUNERAL PARTY.



"CHANGING GUARD": THE WOODEN SOLDIER (RUSSELL THORNDIKE) AND THE DOLL (ELIZABETH ARKELL).

In "The Regiment," from the French of Robert Francheville, a Poie substitutes a culture of hydrophobia for the serum with which the Uhlans are to be inoculated. The regiment goes mad and has to be shot down.—The only "Amends" which Millicent can make when she revisits her former lover—now a drunken degenerate—is to expedite his death.—"De Mortuis" is a brilliant study of low life. The Cripps family has assembled for the funeral of a murdered son. The coroner's verdict has

been given against the lover of Katie Cripps, the "fallen" daughter, and bitter words are flung at her in the public-house bar.—"Cupboard Love" is a brilliant if daring comedy. Derek Lane visits Stephanie in her bed-room and consents to be locked into the cupboard. The cupboard, however, is not locked, and the audience is left wondering if Derek discovered this fact.—"Changing Guard" is a sentimentally pathetic fantasy, in which a dying child, toys, and the Spirit of Death appear.

THE HOUSE PARTY AT KNEPP CASTLE: S



AN ACCOMPLISHED PEERESS:
LADY CHURSTON.



INCLUDING SIR MERRIK AND LADY BURRELL: LADY CHURSTON,
MR. HARRY HUGHES, MR. AND MRS. CORNWALLIS-WEST.



WITH THREE DOGS—ONE IN STONE: MISS BURRELL.

Sir Merrik and Lady Burrell recently entertained a distinguished house-party at Knepp Castle, Horsham, including Lady Churston, accomplished musician and wife of Lord Churston; Mrs. Cornwallis-West, who is, of course, the famous Mrs. Pat Campbell; and General Sir Tom Bridges, K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O., the very distinguished soldier who saw active service in the South African War and Somaliland, as well as in the European War. Sir Merrik Burrell, C.B.E., is the seventh Baronet. Lady Burrell, who is his second wife

MERRIK AND LADY BURRELL AND THEIR GUESTS.



MRS. CORNWALLIS-WEST (MRS. PAT CAMPBELL), MRS. MONTEFIORE, GENERAL SIR TOM BRIDGES, AND CAPTAIN SAVILLE.



A FAMOUS ACTRESS AND A FAVOURED "FRIEND": MRS. CORNWALLIS-WEST (MRS. PAT CAMPBELL).



IN THE PARK: CAPTAIN SAVILLE, MRS. CLYDE, AND MR. CLYDE (L. TO R.).



HOST AND HOSTESS: SIR MERRIK AND LADY BURRELL.

formerly Miss "Cosy" Porter-Porter, and is the daughter of Mr. John Porter-Porter, of Belle Isle, Lisbellaw, Co. Fermanagh. She is a very beautiful woman, and worked splendidly as an anæsthetist in a London hospital during the war. Sir Merrik Burrell has two sons and one daughter by his first marriage, and one little girl by his second. His elder daughter, Miss Joan Louise Burrell, was born in 1902, and is shown in our photograph.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFIERI, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."]



The Clubman. By Beveren.

The Care of Sir Claude.

One of the really delightful things in this rush-about, not over-sentimental world is the way in which Lady de Crespigny manages her husband, the splendid veteran of whom sportsmen of all classes are so rightly and so genuinely proud.

Sir Claude is seventy-five years of age, and has been known to be self-willed—tempestuously so sometimes. But Lady de Crespigny, who possesses the dignified charm and the restraint of an era that is slipping away from us, makes Sir Claude conform to rules of life that her wifely wisdom approves. She has persuaded him to take a siesta daily after lunch; she has convinced him that 9.30 p.m. is no bad time to go to bed. It is all very charming, and Lady de Crespigny's constant care and her gentle control are largely responsible for Sir Claude's most excellent health. Sir Claude still turns up on Monday nights at the National Sporting Club, but it is a rare event when he stays late.

Not the Ambassadors' Club.

The other night, though, Lady de Crespigny was for a short while rather perturbed. Sir Claude went to dine at the Embassy Club. The dinner, of course, was excellent; the band, as is the case at the Embassy, discoursed soothing and pleasant music; and Sir Claude's friends persuaded him to recount for them further reminiscences and tell more of the stories of which he has such a store.

Eleven p.m. and Sir Claude had not returned to his hotel. Lady de Crespigny thought of ringing up the club where her husband had been dining. It was then that her anxiety developed seriousness. The porter told her there was no "Ambassadors' Club" in the telephone book. "I'm sure it was the Ambassadors'," said Lady de Crespigny; and the porter said he would try again.

Fortunately, Sir Claude at that moment returned and explained that it was the Embassy, not the Ambassadors' Club he had been visiting. And now still another reminiscence has been added to his collection.

Mr. Birrell and Pedigree.

Another veteran, of a different kind, now seventy years of age, I have seen about town lately is Mr. Augustine Birrell, man of letters and politician; and in his case how the use of the word "veteran" emphasises the swift, unnoticed passage of years.

Mr. Birrell has been suffering from insomnia, and his health has been tried by the recent ups and downs of the thermometer. But the white hair that covers the magnificent head is thick and strong, and he still comes out with those quick, good-humouredly brusque comments that reveal the full, enormously active mind. One day last week someone was talking to Mr. Birrell about race, and spoke of the "pure-bred Englishman."

"But where to-day can you find a pure-bred Englishman?" asked Mr. Birrell. "There cannot be one." The person he was talking to said he thought he might claim to be one, as he was certain that sixteen of his forebears of the great-great-grandfather period were pure English. He proceeded to make a not uninteresting but rather long-winded dissertation upon pedigree and the history of families.

When he ended, Mr. Birrell, who had forgotten, apparently, the speaker's claim to be a pure-bred Englishman, remarked, with a note of finality, "Well, a really pure-bred Englishman would certainly be a useless person . . . the mongrel all the time for cleverness."

There is some talk going on as to the vacancy in O.M.s brought about by Lord Bryce's death. There might be many a more unlikely choice than Mr. Birrell.

Abandoning the Breast Pocket.

We have no dandies nowadays. Since the war, man has been more conservative than ever in the matter of dress; and in point of fact, 75 per cent. of what are termed West-End men are extracting the last ounce of wear out of clothes made before 1914.



NEIGHO! COME TO THE BALL!

BOUND FOR THE LONDON SKETCH CLUB BALL ON FEBRUARY 24: TWO JOLLY YOUNG STUDDY DOGS.

Mr. G. E. Studdy, the famous dog artist, whose work appears each week in "The Sketch," is this year's President of the London Sketch Club, which is holding its ball at the Wharnclyffe Rooms, Great Central Hotel, on Friday, February 24. The dance promises to be a very successful affair, and tickets may be obtained from the Secretary, 246a, Marylebone Road, N.W. Our illustration shows Mr. Studdy's poster for the ball.

FROM THE DRAWING BY G. E. STUDDY.

Fortunately, West-End clothes made in those happy days had wear in them.

Tailors are always nibbling for change of style, but the only alteration of note that is beginning to creep in is the abandonment of the outside breast-pocket; which is merely a going-back, for the outside pocket began to be considered "smart" about the year 1912 or 1913.

The argument then was that it enabled one to display the corner of an attractively coloured handkerchief. Now you are told that the coat without an outside breast pocket keeps its shape longer. But the pendulum of change usually works like that. In like wise, Savile Row is beginning to talk about a revival of the slit in the back of the coat. Two buttons are still the popular

number for the lounge-coat, and that is the only kind of coat the average man of to-day bothers about.

Pre-War Quality.

Someone has written to ask me whether the old-fashioned opera-hat is not experiencing a new lease of life. I did not know it had ever died out. A few years before the war the "young bloods" began to sport the shiniest of silk hats when setting out to dine, or when bound for the theatre. And since the war the young men who have come on incline to the silk hat. But the leading hatters tell me that the opera-hat sells as well as ever it did.

And there is one thing about it. The man-about-town you see wearing a crush hat is pretty certain to be of pre-war quality. And nowadays, "pre-war" is what "22-carat" used to be.

Tearing the Pack.

There is one member of Buck's Club, a man of great physical strength, who can emulate Sandow, Hackenschmidt, and Mr. Thomas Inch by tearing a pack of playing-cards in half. Knack is required as well as strength; and Joe Beckett, when casually asked to try the feat in the Royal Albion at Brighton the other evening, showed that he had not learned the knack. He broke three-parts of the pack, but could not improve on that.

I have heard that some of the public performers who exhibit their prowess in this way—they often manage more than one pack—make the task easier by baking the cards beforehand.

The Saving Way.

"By studying economy, I live like a lord," used to run an old music-hall ditty. It is a harder matter in these days, but if you have sufficient strength of character—I will not say assurance—it is still possible to put up a show.

I know one dancing man who belongs to most of the dance clubs, and he insists he joined them for dancing, not dining. He goes there most nights, never dines, but expects, and gets, one of the best-placed tables. He is of the type that hypnotises the most cynical *maitre d'hôtel*. I envy him exceedingly. Sometimes even he dances until one a.m., and drinks only plain water. At one club they have so far scored against him only once. He broke a glass and had to pay 1s. 9d. for it.

Cocktails.

Robert, of the Embassy Club's American Bar, has just written a cocktail book—hundreds of cocktail recipes, including the specialties of some of the other leading cocktail "doctors." Robert used to be at the Cecil and at the Criterion before he went to the Embassy. But wherever he has been he has always had to administer to cocktail-drinkers who know and can criticise if necessary. Good training for Robert.

And talking of cocktails, a good selection of this insinuating form of refreshment was offered to the guests at Ciro's Cocktail Dance Party, held last week to discuss the details of the Wedding Ball to be held on Feb. 28, at the Albert Hall. There were a hundred varieties—including six brand-new ones composed by the "Welcome Stranger," Harry Green. Lord and Lady Terrington acted as host and hostess.

A Family Study.



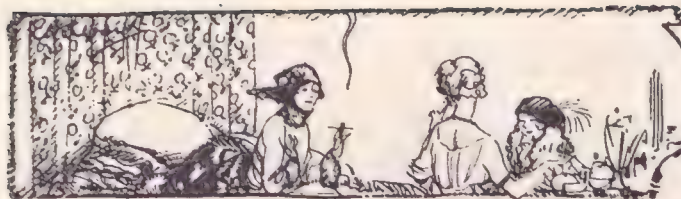
A CHEVALIER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR WITH HER BABY: MRS. SPEARS.

Mrs. Spears is the wife of Brigadier-General Edward Louis Spears, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., formerly Captain and Brevet Lieut.-Colonel, 11th Hussars. He served in the European War from 1914 to 1919, and retired in 1920 as an Honorary Brigadier-General. He is also a Commander of the Legion

of Honour, and has the Orders of the Star of Roumania with Swords, and the White Eagle of Serbia with Swords. Mrs. Spears, who is a very beautiful woman, is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. She has a house in Paris.

PORTRAIT STUDY EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH";

By Marcus Adams, *The Childrens' Studio*, 43, Dover Street, W.



Tales with a sting.

BY SHADED LIGHTS.

By G. B. STERN. (Author of "Children of No Man's Land," "Grand Chain," etc.)

I AM certain that I was never intended for a safety-valve. By some caprice of fate I have drifted; or, rather, been shoved, into the unenviable position of the character in the play who is forced to hear everybody's troubles so that the audience should know about them. I am neither gentle nor sympathetic, so it cannot be my amiable nature that attracts other people's love affairs like a magnet attracts needles. Sometimes I suspect that the fault lies with the deep armchair in front of my fire; it invites people, so to speak, saying: "Come along, now, be comfortable, light a cigarette, and tell me all about it; you'll feel better then."

And I—I have to listen!

At first I made a stand against it. I am not old—barely fifty even now—and when woe-begone maidens with eyes like wet pansies have flown to me for consolation I have more than once endeavoured to draw their attention to myself—me—flesh and blood—a man like other men; but always in vain! At first they would be amazed; then amused; finally, somewhat indignant.

"We came to you as a friend, Crusty One!" they would murmur reproachfully.

Even Billy, the most adorable little third-rate actress who ever sat as a model in periods of resting, even Billy refused to entertain my proposals seriously.

"If I married you," she mused, "and afterwards fell in love with another man, and wanted to consult someone kind and gruff and sympathetic, I couldn't come to you about it if you were my husband, could I?"

"No, Billy," I admitted reluctantly. "Under those circumstances I should hardly be the proper person to confide in."

"Then," said Billy firmly, "I'm afraid my answer is—no; because there are hundreds of men whom I can use as husbands, but a good safety-valve is not so easy to find!"

That was my last attempt to escape my destiny. Thereafter, I became resigned, and devoted my energies to a series of plots for keeping Billy apart from Lothario; for as sure as fate, for them to meet meant for them to love—and then heaven help me, the mutual friend!

Lothario, by the way, is a handsome and susceptible young scoundrel for whom I have conceived a liking; I am, in consequence, continually being suspected of having once worshipped at the shrine of his mother, an odious woman with a moustache!

This morning he entered my room with a moody air and flung himself discontentedly in the armchair.

"Dark or fair?" I asked.

"Neither"—shortly.

I raised my eyebrows, and he condescended to explain!

"I've been a failure in that direction lately—dunno why! If I woo a haughty beauty in that brusque I-have-a-will-of-iron fashion guaranteed to bring any female to her knees in five minutes, she merely thinks me an ill-mannered brute. Then I turn to the butterfly type, and discourse to her of love in such tender, passionate terms that I instantly rouse in her heart a yearning for—the other man! I have been No-End-of-a-Dog and a Soul's Affinity, all to no purpose. Married women say I am too old—they like clean, green cubs. Flappers find me too young—they prefer grey-haired cynics. I'm tired of life, Crusty One! Nobody loves me except you; why is it?"

"Women, my dear Lothario," quoth I sententiously, "don't choose a man for what he is, but Just Because!"

Lothario did not even hear my epigram—what he really needs is not a confidant, but a ventriloquist's doll with whom he can sustain both sides of the conversation at the same time.

"Women," he mused, "I renounce them—till the appearance of *The Woman*!"

Then, for all the world like a Drury Lane melodrama in collaboration with a "Pansy Faces" novelette, the door opened, and Billy entered.

Fate had stolen a march on me, after all.

It didn't take long; roughly, about a quarter of an hour. As they left the flat together I calculated to see Lothario again in five or six days—when the affair would have reached its climax. To Billy, who rarely came till it was all over, I bade a mental farewell for a fortnight.

(Five days later.) "Crusty One," cried Lothario, dashing in with a radiant air; "it was you who brought us together—God bless you! We shall never forget it as long as we live! You shall be godfather! You—"

"Good heavens!" I cried aghast, "is it as bad as that?"

Lothario favoured me with a haughty stare. "Your congratulations take rather a peculiar form. Billy and I are to be married next month, if that's what you mean."

I heaved a sigh of relief—much might happen in a month.

"Of course I congratulate you," I murmured weakly. "Billy is a dear little girl, and—"

"She is more than that"—with a solemn air; "she is *The One Woman*!"—he laid an impressive hand on my sleeve—"The One Woman! Do you realise what that means?"

"I ought to by now," returned I, "considering that you've introduced me to about ten. First there was Cissie Jermyn—pretty girl! Then Lady Clifford, otherwise known as Myrtle; Fancy Funn from the Frivolity; little Miss Grey, the nursery governess; Violet Lessiter—"

"Oh, shut up!"—irritably. "You can't compare Billy with all these. She's divine! She's adorable! A queen, a firefly, a white kitten, an angel from heaven, a child, a burning tigress!—she is all the women I have ever loved in one! She—"

"Sounds as if you were going to marry a harem or a circus," I growled. "May I ask if Billy knows about—"

"Billy and I," said Lothario with dignity, "are not like other people. We have arranged for what is called a Confidential Evening once a week, when, by shaded lights, we tell each other everything."

"I'd get a good thick shade, if I were you," I counselled him—"for your part of the business, anyway."

He fidgeted—picked up an ash-tray and laid it down again. "I may as well warn you, Crusty One, that I don't think it necessary to re-open the doors of my past history . . . it would merely upset Billy."

"I see. . . . Then the shaded lights are to be for Billy's confidences alone?"

He smiled a tender, superior smile. "She? What can she have to confess? Nothing, of course! She is a child—a flitting firefly—a white kitten—"

"You needn't go over the menagerie again," I told him. "And if you say nothing, and Billy has nothing to say, I don't see the idea of your Confidential Evening."

Lothario gathered up his hat, gloves, and stick and walked to the door. "I suppose you can't help not understanding," he murmured pityingly—"poor old Crusty One!" and departed.

I wondered just how much Billy would tell him . . .

Reproduction of a letter received two weeks and one day later—

Hotel des Anglais,
Monte Carlo.

It's all over, Crusty One! Go and see Billy at once—she will need someone to help her through; and it was you who brought us together, so you are more or less responsible. It happened like this. We were more than happy at first; it was "roses, roses all the way," as old Thingummy puts it. When I last saw you I was in paradise. Then (it's so difficult to explain in a letter) gradually—you'll say it's my fault, of course!—slowly I began to feel somehow or other (it was a most unaccountable thing)—in fact, I discovered that I didn't want to marry!

Isn't it a curious phenomenon? I'm not a brute—how could I tell her? She is such a sweet, trusting little girl, and so bound up in me. . . . Day by day I saw the wedding loom nearer; no more easy, devil-may-care existence; no more thrills of falling in love, and still greater thrills of falling out of it again. Life stretched before me as a long, grey road called Monotony . . . with each breakfast a mile-stone.

Suddenly an idea struck me—confession! Confession of my past that I had intended to keep buried; she would turn from me in horror; I would be free; it was my way out!

All happened as I had foreseen. I told her that my conscience would give me no rest; then I described the incident of Lady Clifford, otherwise known as Myrtle; from that I passed on to the episode of Fancy Funn. . . .

It was enough. She never wants to see me again. I left her then and there, and took the night boat from Dover.

Poor little girl! Go to her, Crusty One—do you think I have broken her heart?

Life is glorious!

Yours,
LOTHARIO.

It was an interesting epistle. I looked forward with some curiosity to his next communication, which would probably contain a glowing account of "The One Woman"

And Billy?

Billy turned up about tea-time, trying to look sublimely unconscious!

"You've been cheated over that pretty little fake," she informed me, inspecting a Spode sugar-bowl I had just picked up. "Why won't you take me with you, Crusty One, when you go rummaging about in old dust-and-cobweb shops?"

"You were otherwise occupied," I reminded her. "How's Lothario?"

Billy played with the tea-cups for a moment. Then: "Crusty One, it's all over!"

"No!" I exclaimed . . . and waited for more.

She hesitated. "I had better tell you all about it, as it was you who brought us together"—confound it, how they both harped on that! "We were to have been married at the end of the month, you know; we were divinely happy, loved and trusted one another"—she broke off abruptly. "Crusty One, I—er—didn't think it necessary to tell him, well—about Jim, and—and—the rest—"

[Continued on page 2.]

This Week's Studdy.



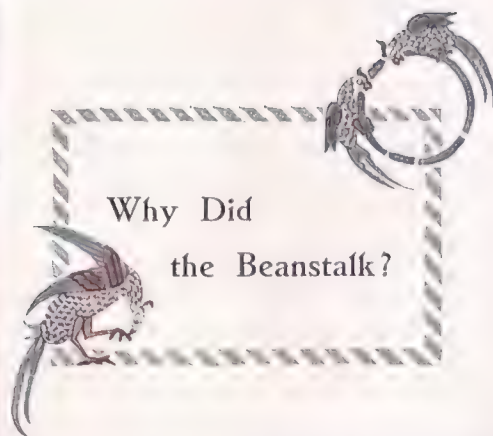
A-TISH-OO!

[WHAT EVERYONE'S DOING NOW!]

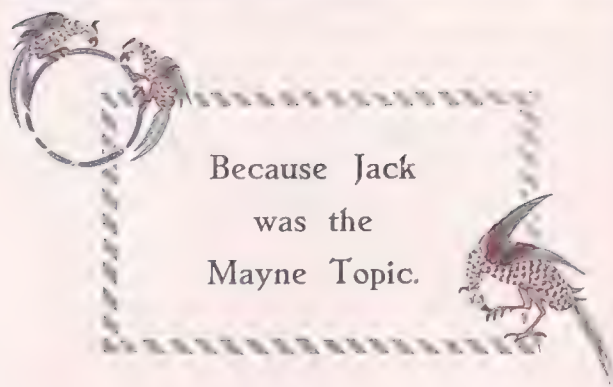
SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.



Why Did
the Beanstalk?



Because Jack
was the
Mayne Topic.



Miss Clarice Mayne is the fascinating Principal Boy in "Jack and the Beanstalk," the London Hippodrome pantomime. Our page illustrates one of the wonderful costumes she wears as Jack. The "dress" is of cloth-of-silver and fringe, but the chief glory is the cloak of embroidered

cloth-of-silver and tiered fringes of shaded ostrich-plumes. When Jack no longer wishes to be wrapped in "his" cloak, "he" has only to pull two cords and "his" wrap becomes a gorgeous fantail appendage which shows up "his" wonderful silver and fringed head-dress to great advantage.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

A Laye View of Nell Gwynne!



AS THE MERRY MONARCH'S "NO LADY" FRIEND IN "THE FUN OF THE FAYRE": MISS EVELYN LAYE.

The first scene of "The Fun of the Fayre," at the London Pavilion, is laid at Bartholomew Fair in 1665, and gives us the opportunity of seeing Miss Evelyn Laye as Sweet Nell of Old Drury, the orange girl and actress who became a king's favourite. She wears her gorgeous costume

with great style and elegance, and is vastly amusing as the victor in the "set to" with Lady Castlemaine, whom she routs with ready wit and the words, "Faith, I'm no Lady," going off triumphantly on the arm of King Charles II.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BERTRAM PARK, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."





A GREAT FRIEND OF THE ROYAL FAMILY, AND ONE OF PRINCESS MARY'S BRIDESMAIDS: LADY RACHEL CAVENDISH.

Lady Rachel Cavendish is one of the eight bridesmaids who will attend Princess Mary on her wedding to Viscount Lascelles, on February 28. She is the fourth, and elder unmarried daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and was born in 1902. Her married sisters are Lady Maud Mackintosh, Lady Blanche Cobbold, and Lady Dorothy

Macmillan; and her unmarried sister, who was born in 1909, is Lady Anne Cavendish. Lady Rachel Cavendish is well known in Court circles, and was one of the only two unmarried girls who went to Ascot with the Royal party from Windsor. The other girl in the party was Lady Mary Fox-Strangways.

COLOURED PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

ENTHUSIASTS AND EXPERTS AT MÜRREN AND



FAMOUS SKATER AND GOVERNOR-ELECT OF BENGAL:
LORD LYTTON GIVING MISS CAUSTON A LESSON.



SKI ENTHUSIASTS AT WENGEN: MAJOR
AND MRS. PAGET.



ON THE PALACE RINK AT WENGEN:
BETHUNE-LINDSAY.



WALTZING ON THE ICE AT WENGEN: LADY MOSS
AND COLONEL RIDDELL.



WINNER OF A SKI RACE: SQUADRON-
LEADER A. A. WALSER.



LADY COWDRAY'S DAUGHTER AT
MÜRREN: LADY DENMAN SKATING.

The Earl of Lytton, Governor-Elect of Bengal, is one of the most famous British skaters. Miss Causton, who is shown "under instruction," was a competitor for the Lytton Skating Cup.—Lord Lytton's elder son, Viscount Knebworth, is also a keen winter sportsman, and has been with the family party at Mürren.—Mr. J. A. Joannides is one of the best-known ski-runners.—Squadron-Leader A. A. Walser, M.C., D.F.C., R.A.F., won the Army, Navy, and Air Force ski race, and was placed in the Wengen Golden Ski Race, run over a course from Wengernalp to Wengen.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AL

WENGEN: SOCIETY ON SKIS AND SKATES.



IDA DRURY AND MAJOR-GEN.
C.M.G., D.S.O.



WINNER OF THE ALPINE SKI CHALLENGE CUP: MR.
J. A. JOANNIDES, WITH MISS HELEN JOANNIDES.



SON OF THE NEW GOVERNOR OF BENGAL:
VISCOUNT KNEBWORTH AT MÜRREN.



WINNER OF THE LYTTON CUP FOR
SKATING: MISS LOVAT.



TWICE WINNER OF THE LYTTON CUP:
MRS. MOUAT JONES (MISS RAWORTH).



AT MÜRREN: MISS LINNETT LAFONE
AND SIR IAN COLQUHOUN.

dy Denman, C.B.E., is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Cowdray, and the wife of Lord Denman, P.C., G.C.M.G., etc.—Miss Lovat won the Lytton Cup for Skating, and Mrs. Mouat Jones (formerly Miss Raworth) carried off the trophy on two other occasions.—Miss Linnett Lafone the niece of the Earl of Lytton. Sir Ian Colquhoun, D.S.O., Bt., is another member of the Lytton party. He married Miss Geraldine Bryce Tennant, daughter of Mr. Francis John Tennant, and cousin of the present Lord Glenconner.

USIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

The Wife of a Lifeguardsman.



FORMERLY LADY MAUD WENTWORTH FITZWILLIAM : VISCOUNTESS CARLTON.

Viscountess Carlton is the wife of Captain Lord Carlton, 2nd Life Guards (elder son of the Earl and Countess of Wharnccliffe), and the eldest daughter of Earl Fitzwilliam. She was married in 1918, and

has three daughters—the Hon. Ann, the Hon. Diana, and the Hon. Barbara Stuart-Wortley, born respectively in 1919, 1920, and 1921. The Stuart-Wortley family are famous for good looks.

COLOURED PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.



The Quorn. The Quorn enjoyed a good day when they met at Ab-Kettleby. There was a big field, it being the best day for hunting for some time. Owing to the late heavy fall of snow and subsequent drenching rain, the going was excellent, and everyone was rejoicing in the changed conditions. Mrs. Jack Harrison was out, but only on foot, her arm being still in a sling; another foot-slogger was Miss Lexie Wilson, who is one of the best ladies astride in the county. Her scarlet tam and many-coloured scarf made a good splash of colour against the dark background of dripping hedgerows.

Colonel Price Wood had motored Mrs. Ellison over from Melton, whilst Mrs. Peacock and Miss Ratcliffe came over from Stanford Hall. Miss Susan Tilney was riding a fretting youngster with her usual skill; she is a very clever horsewoman, and takes some beating across country, being possessed not only of pluck, but of judgment; she is staying with the Fenwicks at Little Belvoir.

Other Members of the Field. Mrs. Higson, of Burton Hall, came to grief twice during the day, but, luckily, sustained no injuries. Other members of the field included General Vaughan, Captain "Mike" Wardell, Colonel Abel Smith and his children, Mrs. Barnwell, and Sir Gerald Hanson, whose engagement to Miss Blennerhassett has just been announced in a local paper. We wonder how the owner of the car felt when he examined his mud-guard after the bay horse (being held by a lady!) had finished with it!

Hounds drew their first cover blank, which enabled the two sporting ladies, complete with spaniel, to catch them up. Welby Osiers were then tried, and Reynard was soon displaced. Our sympathies are with the thruster who was shot over his horse's head through a hedge into a very nasty muddy ditch!

Captain and Mme. Loewenstein gave a most delightful dinner party quite recently, though one of the guests had the misfortune to break down some miles out; Captain Loewenstein, however, was able to send out a car to bring the hapless one on.

A Great Day with the Quorn. On the Friday the Quorn were at Sludge Hall. What a nasty morning it was—a bitter cold wet fog, and a long stand at covert side; then a hunt in thick fog, and a long jog to Barkley Holt, with a nice hunt to finish the day. On the Monday, the Quorn had the day of the season—a really marvellous day. There was an extra large field, as so many of the Cottesmore people were out; but only those with a good second horse saw the day out. Finding at the Curate's Gorse, the fox ran to ground at Hickling. A second fox, found in the same covert, provided a long hunt through the Vale—over the Smite through Normanton, when they killed in the open after hunting one and a half hours.

Captain Sherrard and Major Hubbersty crashed over some wire, but no one came to

serious grief. The evening hunt from Thorpe Plantation was fast and straight over good country, though there was a certain amount of plough, hounds eventually being stopped at Blakemoore Spinney. Hounds had hunted wonderfully for an hour and a quarter, and the fortunate folk who saw the hunt have something to remember. Mrs. Higson was going "the best." What wonderfully schooled horses she rides. Her party on Thursday night was a great success. Dinner, dance, supper and spirits all "of the best."

The Belvoir. The field which met at Harley had nothing to complain of as regards jumping and galloping. Rain, however, fell persistently, which made matters very uncomfortable for the riders. An hour was spent with an outlying fox found on Mr. Parlow's land near Harley Covert. He disappeared entirely, though, at Colston Bassett Hall. A fox was then chopped at Hose Thorns. Later on, there

with plenty of "bubbly"—the very best, too. Soon after midnight Mr. Graves announced there would be eggs-and-bacon, the news being received with applause. In fact, it was a thoroughly delightful affair, ending about 3 a.m., to enable racing enthusiasts to get a little sleep before departing to Nottingham for the steeplechases. I hear Mr. Gilpin did not get back from hunting till 7.30, having had to hack home nearly twenty miles; whilst another unfortunate had to walk fifteen! But they all say it was quite the best day the Quorn had had for ages, so perhaps it was worth it.

The Berwickshire Hounds.

This pack is hunted by the Master himself, Major James Greig of Eccles. He is retiring this season, and everyone is very sorry. I hear that they have found a successor in Mr. Moffat Thompson of Lambden. He is the owner of Awbeg, a very good hunter who won some races for him at the Scotch meetings last autumn, and he has entered him for the National this year.

Major Greig has been Master for, I think, three seasons; before that Colonel Charles Menzies of Kames had the pack for some years, and kept them going all through the war; he was much helped by Mrs. Menzies, as he had to be away a good part of the time on military service. She is very keen, and goes extremely well; the Hunt has just presented them with a lovely silver bowl, as an appreciation.

The Duke of Buccleuch's Hounds.

At last the frost has gone and the hounds got out again; the meet was at Minto House. There was a fair turn-out of people, but some were afraid of the roads, as they were still very icy. Lord Haddington turned up from Mellerstain; Mrs. McConnell from Abbotsford, with her small son and her brother, Colonel Hall Pringle, D.S.O., who, I hear, has been offered the command of the troops in Jamaica. The field grew as the day went on—a lot of the Jed-Forest people appeared, as it was too hard to hunt in their country; the Earl and Countess of Minto were following, on their feet, and had a good view as they climbed on to the top of the Minto Hill, and the hounds were about most of the day.

The Lauderdale Hounds.

These hounds had a topping hunt from Carolside, where they met—Mrs. Mitchell of Stow's charming place on the Leader. Mrs. Mitchell—or rather, her late husband—succeeded to it from Lady Reay, a well-known grande dame in London and abroad.

V.W.H. (Cricklade) Hunt Ball.

This annual event was held this year at the Bingham Hall, Cirencester, instead of at the Corn Exchange, and was largely attended. Colonel W. F. Fuller, the popular M.F.H., of course was present, bringing with him his two pretty nieces, and it was noticed that he danced indefatigably the whole evening through. The Master of the V.W.H.

[Continued on page x.



THE COAL MAGNATE WHO WAS MARRIED LAST WEEK TO MRS. W. E. JONES: SIR LEONARD LLEWELYN, K.B.E., AND TWO OF HIS DAUGHTERS.

Sir Leonard Llewelyn, K.B.E., of Malpas Court, Newport, is the well-known coal magnate. His first wife died in 1913, and his marriage to Mrs. W. E. Jones, of Glen Usk, Monmouthshire, took place very quietly last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The service was conducted behind closed doors, and only twelve guests were present. Sir Leonard is a keen sportsman and hunts with the Llangibby. Our photograph shows him with two of his daughters, one of whom, Miss Cecily Edith, is engaged to Mr. J. N. Bailey, 5th (R.I.) Lancers, second son of the late Mr. C. H. Bailey and of Mrs. Bailey, of Stelvio, Newport.—[Photograph by Poole, Waterford.]

was a very good run to Harley Hills, which ended the day.

The Racing Fraternity's Dance.

The other night at the Institute Rooms in Melton. Amongst those present were Lady Ursula Grosvenor, Lord Ivor Spencer Churchill, the Hon. Hope Prothero, Lady Irene Curzon, Lord and Lady Worsley, Captain and Mrs. "Mike" Wardell, the Hon. Ralph and Mrs. Mansfield, Mr. Dick Fenwick, Miss Pinkie Fenwick, and Miss Susan Tilney, the latter looking most attractive in a graceful black frock. Quite recently she was mentioned as being one of the best ladies to hounds in the county; she is certainly one of the most beautiful dancers, and possesses great charm of manner.

An excellent light supper was provided,

Mr. Gilpin, in collaboration with Mr. "Tommy" Graves and Mr. Cottrill, gave a most cheery dance

INCLUDING SOME WEDDINGS OF NOTABLE INTEREST



MARRIED AT ST. JAMES', PICCADILLY: MR. E. R. DOURO HOARE AND MISS FETHERSTONHAUGH AFTER THE CEREMONY.



AT ST. MORITZ: MRS. H. WYNNE (LEFT), WITH MISS JOSEPHINE OSBORN AND MR. GERALD WYNNE.



THE AMERICAN GIRL MAYOR WHO IGNORES "SPOONY MIS- SIVES": DR. AMY KAUKONEN.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN STANLEY WOODBURN KIRBY, M.C.: MISS CATHERINE DOD OLIVER.



AT CANNES: MRS. MOON AND MME. SA- THE WELL-KNOWN HORSEWOMAN, ENJOY- SUNSHINE.



THE SANDON-COVENTRY WEDDING: MISS PAMELA COVENTRY, MISS MARY CAMPBELL, MISS DIANA COVENTRY, THE HON. PEGGY COVENTRY, VISCOUNTESS SANDON (FORMERLY THE HON. HELENA COVENTRY), VISCOUNT SANDON, LADY FRANCES RYDER (L. TO R.).



MARRIED AT ST. ALBANS CATHEDRAL: CAPTAIN SIR CECIL Bt., AND MISS JOAN GRIMSTON, DAUGHTER OF CANON GRIMSTON.

Mr. Edward Ralph Douro Hoare is the eldest son of Mr. Douro Hoare, of Guessons, Welwyn, Herts. His bride, who is the daughter of Mr. Fetherstonhaugh, of Lady's Wood, Malmesbury, was attended by Miss Bridget Hoare, Miss Peggy de Knoop, Miss Barbara Hoare, and Miss Barbara Reiss.—Mlle. St. Omer Roi is responsible for launching a novel form of lawn-tennis hair-dressing at Cannes. Mme. Floresco is the daughter of a Roumanian diplomat.—Captain Reginald Terrell has sat for the Henley Division of Oxfordshire since December 1918.—Dr. Amy Kaukonen, the American girl Mayor, has a daily sheaf of letters and telegrams containing proposals of marriage, but she "makes it her rule to ignore the spoony missives."—Miss Catherine Dod Oliver is the only daughter of Captain Pasfield Oliver, R.N. Captain Stanley Woodburn Kirby, R.N.

A SOCIAL SURVEY OF DOINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



THE LATEST STYLE IN LAWN-TENNIS COIFFURE! LIE. ST. OMER ROI AND MME. FLORESCO (LEFT).



WITH MISS MARJORIE O'CONNOR: CAPTAIN TERRELL, THE YOUNG M.P. FOR HENLEY, AT ST. MORITZ.



DAUGHTER OF THE SECRETARY FOR WAR: MISS ROSEMARY WORTHINGTON-EVANS.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN VINCENT COPLAND GRIFFITHS, M.C.: MISS URSULA DEVEREUX.



AT THE SANDON-COVENTRY WEDDING: THE COUNTESS OF SLIGO (POINTING) AND LADY DOREEN KNATCHBULL.



WITH THE BEST MAN, MR. ROBIN SYNGE: MISS AMELIA COVENTRY, ONE OF THE BRIDESMAIDS AT THE SANDON-COVENTRY WEDDING.



BRIDESMAIDS AND TRAIN-BEARERS AT THE NEUMANN-GRIMSTON WEDDING: MISS VIOLET GRIMSTON, MISS ROSE AND MISS ELLA NEUMANN, MISS AUGUSTA AND MISS NELLIE VILLIERS, MISS VIOLET ABEL SMITH, THE HON. BRUCE GRIMSTON, AND A LITTLE GIRL ATTENDANT.

R.E., is the elder son of Sir Woodburn Kirby.—Miss Rosemary Worthington-Evans, the only daughter of Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, was born in 1900.—Miss Ursula Devereux is the younger daughter of the Hon. Robert C. and Mrs. Devereux, and the grand-daughter of Lord Hereford, the premier Viscount of England.—The marriage of Viscount Sandon, son of the Earl and Countess of Harrowby, to the Hon. Helena Coventry, daughter of Viscount Deerpur, and grand-daughter of the Earl of Coventry, took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square.—Captain Sir Cecil Neumann, Bt., eldest son of the late Sir Sigismund Neumann, Bt., married Miss Joan Grimston, daughter of Canon the Hon. Robert and Mrs. Grimston, of Darrowfield, St. Albans, at St. Albans Cathedral.—[Photographs by C.P., Lafayette, S. and G., Farrington Photo Co., and Alfieri.]

The Lights of Paris.

Paris and the Princess.

For the wedding of Princess Mary, Paris has, of course, been calling committee meetings. It is on these occasions that one discovers the veritable existence of a British colony in the French capital. The British here are not less interested than the people at home in the happy event, and it is natural that they should desire that some token of their good wishes should reach Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles—a token which will doubtless be lost among the innumerable gifts which pour in from the whole Empire, but which nevertheless will afford the British colony great pleasure to give.

Sèvres and the Gobelins.

Indeed, there will be many other offerings from Paris besides that of the group which has the Hon. Diamond Hardinge, the daughter of the Ambassador, at its head. The President is choosing his gift. Sèvres will doubtless turn out its finest porcelain, and the Gobelins will certainly produce their best tapestry. For that matter, Paris is teeming with splendid presents, and there is only an *embarras du choix*.

A Royal Visit?

If France is a Republic—perhaps because France is a Republic—she is enormously interested in Royalty. And the news and the gossip that abound at this moment would certainly not lead one to suppose that there are any unfriendly differences between France and England. There is renewed talk of King George visiting Paris in the spring, and I have some reason to believe that there is great likelihood of his coming. It would be an admirable thing from the point of view of the Entente. I believe that such a demonstration would do more good just now than a dozen Supreme Councils. The French have a particularly warm corner in their hearts for the King, although they have seen little of him. In any circle of French folk to-day one may frequently hear the heartiest appreciation of King Edward, the maker of the Entente Cordiale. The French loved him. They remember him with gratitude. They are prepared to think of King George in precisely the same way; and if this prevision turns out to be true, the Royal visit, following the Royal wedding, will help the relations of the two peoples immensely.

Alphabetical Order!

In artistic affairs, however, we have introduced Republicanism with a vengeance. There is no question of one artist being better than another, or being better hung, at the Salon des Indépendants. The motto is *Egalité*. An artist is an artist, and there can be no discussion about his rank. Hitherto it has been the unenlightened custom to single out certain works of certain painters, and to group the others around them in each *salle*. But the Indépendants have altered all that. There are no special men and there are no special pictures. Everybody must take his chance and be hung in his order. His order is strictly alphabetical. He is not put with his group or with his school. There is no effort to preserve some sort of harmony in each successive room. If your name begins with B, you must stay among the B's. The

Salon, in short, has become a directory of artists.

The A's Have It.

We begin with the A's, and we finish—if we finish at all—with the Z's. The A's, of course, have a distinct advantage, for by the time one reaches the fortieth *salle* not even the greatest painter who ever lived could stimulate one's attention. So that the idea of equality really breaks down lamentably. Were I a French artist with the name of Zazy, I would immediately change it to Azy. I should then have a chance of being seen.

Doll Portraits.

There is, in fact, little that stands out, but there are some amusing contributions, such as the Spinelly of Bécain (happily, in the fourth *salle*), and a portrait of Darius Milhaud by



these portrait dolls are not the best thing in the Salon.

Irish Painters.

The contribution of Van Dongen is hardly characteristic. He has painted a head surrounded by telephonic instruments and labelled it, "Un Homme d'Affaires." Needless to say, Van Dongen figures among the D's and not among the V's. On the whole, I fancy that the first exhibition of Irish painters ever organised in Paris, though small, is infinitely more interesting than this monstrously large show at the Grand Palais. The Irish painters—Sir John Lavery, Paul Henry, Mrs. Henry, Jack Yeats—are at the Galerie Barbazanges.

Around the World.

Of course, the Irish show was in connection with the Irish World Congress, which set out to prove—and, indeed, succeeded in proving—that the Irish race has spread over the whole globe, and is to be found almost everywhere—except possibly in Ireland. There were French Irishmen, and Spanish Irishmen, and Italian Irishmen, and American Irishmen, and African and Australian Irishmen. In France there is M. Hennessy, who runs racehorses and the League of Nations, and makes brandy. There was a President of the Republic, the famous MacMahon, who was Irish. One can find Irish names—such as MacOrlan—among the French writers. In fact, we are all brandishing our shillelaghs and tracing our ancestors in the Emerald Isle.

Anarchy in the Mode.

The *couturiers* are bewailing the fact that there is no longer La Mode. Everybody dresses as she pleases. There is no guiding principle. There is no uniform *fantaisie*. Women are in revolt. They are no longer obedient. There is no longer a unique fashion. There is no longer a silhouette of the season. At one and the same moment women are wearing the *robe à paniers*, the most sheath-like dresses, and the most flowing draperies. It is sheer anarchy. *Rien ne va plus*. It is not that the dress-makers are not doing good business. From the commercial point of view they have no complaint to make. But from the artistic point of view they have been expressing their fears. They no longer command. It is the client who has made up her mind. It is the client who has definite tastes, and who declares whether she will have the short or the long skirt, the straight robe or the draped robe. Every woman wants something different. Against this tendency the principal dressmakers announce their intention of fighting. One of them, alarmed at the Bolshevism that has manifested itself in the mode, declares that in future the wishes of the customer will not be respected. A special model will be created for each customer in accordance with her age, her build, her complexion. If she does not accept it she can go elsewhere. But things have been pushed to such a point that unless the *couturiers* now stand up boldly for their rights they will lose all their authority, and will be overwhelmed by the revolutionary pretensions of unreasonable womankind.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.



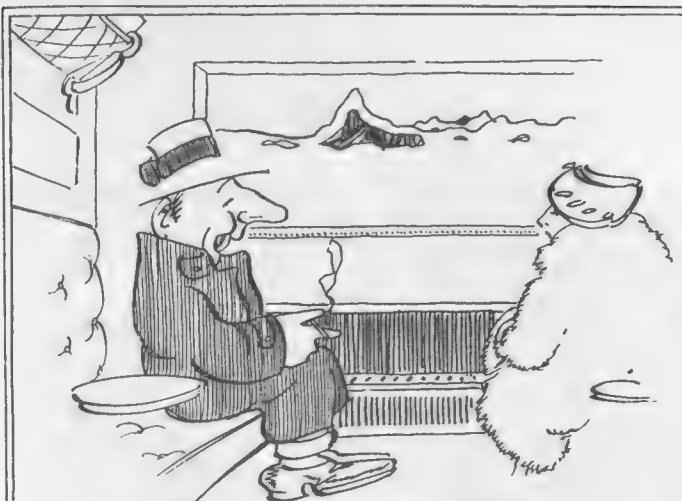
AN AUTOGRAPHED CARICATURE OF THE MINISTER OF HEALTH ON HOLIDAY: SIR ALFRED MOND, AT PONTRESINA.

Sir Alfred Mond, the Minister of Health, has been sampling the invigorating air of Pontresina, and our artist caricatured him in his winter sports costume for the benefit of "Sketch" readers. Sir Alfred has been Minister of Health since 1921, and Member for the Western Division of Swansea since 1918. His elder daughter married the only son of the Earl of Reading, and he has one unmarried daughter and one son.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY D'EGVILLE.

Alice Bailly. Bib, whose caricature of Cécile Sorel was broken by the angry actress last year, repeats his offence at the expense of De Max this year. Tripels treats Cora Laparcerie (who continues to play in "La Danseuse Rouge") with considerable cruelty. I find extremely amusing (although her name begins with V) the dolls of Marie Vassilieff. These dolls represent well-known Parisians. The likeness is excellent. Mme. Vassilieff invented, I believe, this style of portraiture in leather, and rags, and sawdust. She certainly does her work well, and I am not sure that

At a "Swish" Resort.



THE GREAT THING ABOUT -



WINTER IN SWITZERLAND IS -



THE FRESH AIR, -



THE VIGOROUS EXERCISE, -



AND THE -



EARLY HOURS.

THE TRUTH ABOUT —

DRAWN BY D'EGVILLE.



The Corner Shelf.

Enter
Mr. Frankau.

To those who come to it with expectations—and when times are bad we all live on expectations—Mr. Gilbert Frankau's new novel will be something of a disappointment. Yet they cannot say that he did not warn them. Amply. And in print. Because it must be nearly a year now since he confided to an interviewer that "democracy is as yet half-educated, and demands full-blooded heroes, heroines, and villains." His predecessors in the craft, he felt, had "been inclined to neglect the story for the characters." So there you are. The reporter snatched a trifle maliciously at the intimation that one of Our Younger Novelists (the term is as devoid of merely chronological connotations as the suffix of "Rising Young Junior" which learned old gentlemen drag after them as they shuffle round the Temple) was interesting himself in the intellectual needs of the half-educated and printed it in an evening paper. There was a period of literary development when, in the recorded opinion of the late Robert Browning, red was red and blue was blue. The cycle of evolution was, in Mr. Gilbert Frankau's somewhat pessimistic prediction, to bring it round again. And in "The Love Story of Aliette Brunton" he has given the wheel a good hard push.

Realism and
Romance.

He has the candour to call it a "Romance." One agrees. And it is only when he goes on to describe it more fully as a "Romance of Modern Life" that one begs, with all possible courtesy, to differ. It is a Romance of Modern Fiction. Quite another matter. Because almost every character in the long, crowded story comes from the repertory of the novelist, and would lie gasping on the banks of life if anyone withdrew the little dears from the friendly medium of fiction. The clean-limbed hero, the brutal, overbearing K.C. husband, the pure heroine who expresses her purity by bolting—these are the playthings of the novelist and (when he can get Mr. Norman McKinnel to play the husband) of the dramatist. But one does not meet them in Bond Street. Or even in the Divorce Court, where Mr. Frankau sends them all in pursuit of happiness.

The English Scene.

And they are set in a background that is almost as unreal as themselves. At one point Mr. Frankau does formal homage to the clinical tradition of modern fiction and gives us a protracted

illness. But for the most part he paints with the simpler, freer strokes of the magazine serialist. It is all so frank and old-world and

English. All the bed-rooms smell of lavender. All the women are womanly. All the men take lots and lots of exercise. One almost hears the hero singing in his bath, and Mr. Frankau comes perilously near to proclaiming himself the spiritual heir of Mr. Charles Garvice. A pity. Because he has an eye and some wit. Yet if he sets out to stage a melodrama of modern life one must expect it. And the book is like nothing so much as a melodrama, with the comic servant and the foiled villain and the bluff sea-dog (one doubts, somehow, Mr. Frankau's observation of Admirals) who proclaims that his maid-servants work "a damned sight better than any heavy-handed son of a gun who smoked a fellow's cigars, drank his port, and did as little work as the old bumboat woman of Portsmouth."

The Barrister's Love Story. Among fauna of this alarming type his principals say their piece.

The Junior is smitten with the K.C.'s wife (and one may say in passing that there is a good deal of hard, conscientious work about legal ways). The rivals meet one another in deadly struggle at the Old Bailey. And the villain (his crime consists principally in a reluctance to divorce his wife) is foiled in the splendid old fashion. The stage is elaborately set for a movie version of a murder trial, complete with innocent prisoner and sympathetic crowd. The case sways this way and that. The hero and the villain fight up and down the foot-lights, until at last "Brunton, the overbearing, overconfident Brunton, looked the veriest wreck of his old self. He tottered rather than walked to his seat. His eyes were dull, bloodshot; his hands trembled; his jaw twitched and twitched." And the prisoner was acquitted, the wicked husband consented to divorce his virtuous wife, and they all lived happily (if a trifle promiscuously) ever afterwards.

A Crowded Book.

Upon that rather crude framework Mr. Frankau has erected, as one could trust him to, a bright and busy edifice. There are Society ladies from "the Ritz crowd" (whatever that may be), a good barrister's clerk, and a host of minor figures. It is pre-eminently a novel for convalescence. But it is not quite what his readers hope for from Mr. Frankau. And one might have dispensed with the autobiographical note which tells us that the book "was originally conceived on the Western Front and at the Old Barn, Kidmore End, Berkshire... and entirely re-written... at Harborough Cottage, Whissendine, Rutland." Authors are becoming increasingly prodigal of confidences of this trivial order. Yet one doubts whether



THE CLEOPATRA IN DRYDEN'S "ALL FOR LOVE," AT OXFORD: THE HON. MRS. BUCKMASTER AS ROSALIND.

The Hon. Mrs. Buckmaster played Cleopatra in the Merton College production of Dryden's "All for Love; or, the World Well Lost." She is also appearing in the forthcoming O.U.D.S. production of Ibsen's "Pretenders," which is being given with special scenery designed by Mr. W. Bridges Adams. Our photograph shows her as Shakespeare's Rosalind in "As You Like It."

Photograph by Hills and Saunders.



THE CHRISTENING OF SIR RODERICK AND LADY JONES' DAUGHTER: MR. RUDYARD KIPLING, LADY GLADSTONE, SIR RODERICK JONES, K.B.E., COLONEL BAGNOLD, LORD GLADSTONE, LADY JONES, AND THE NURSE AND BABY (L. TO R.).

The christening of the infant daughter of Sir Roderick and Lady Jones took place at Bidborough village church. The baby received the name of Laurian, and had Mr. Rudyard Kipling as godfather and Lady Sackville and Viscountess Gladstone as godmothers. Lady Jones, who was formerly Miss Enid Bagnold, is a clever writer, and has published two books. Sir Roderick Jones was a Director of Propaganda during the war, and is the Chairman of Reuter's.—[Photograph by C.N.]

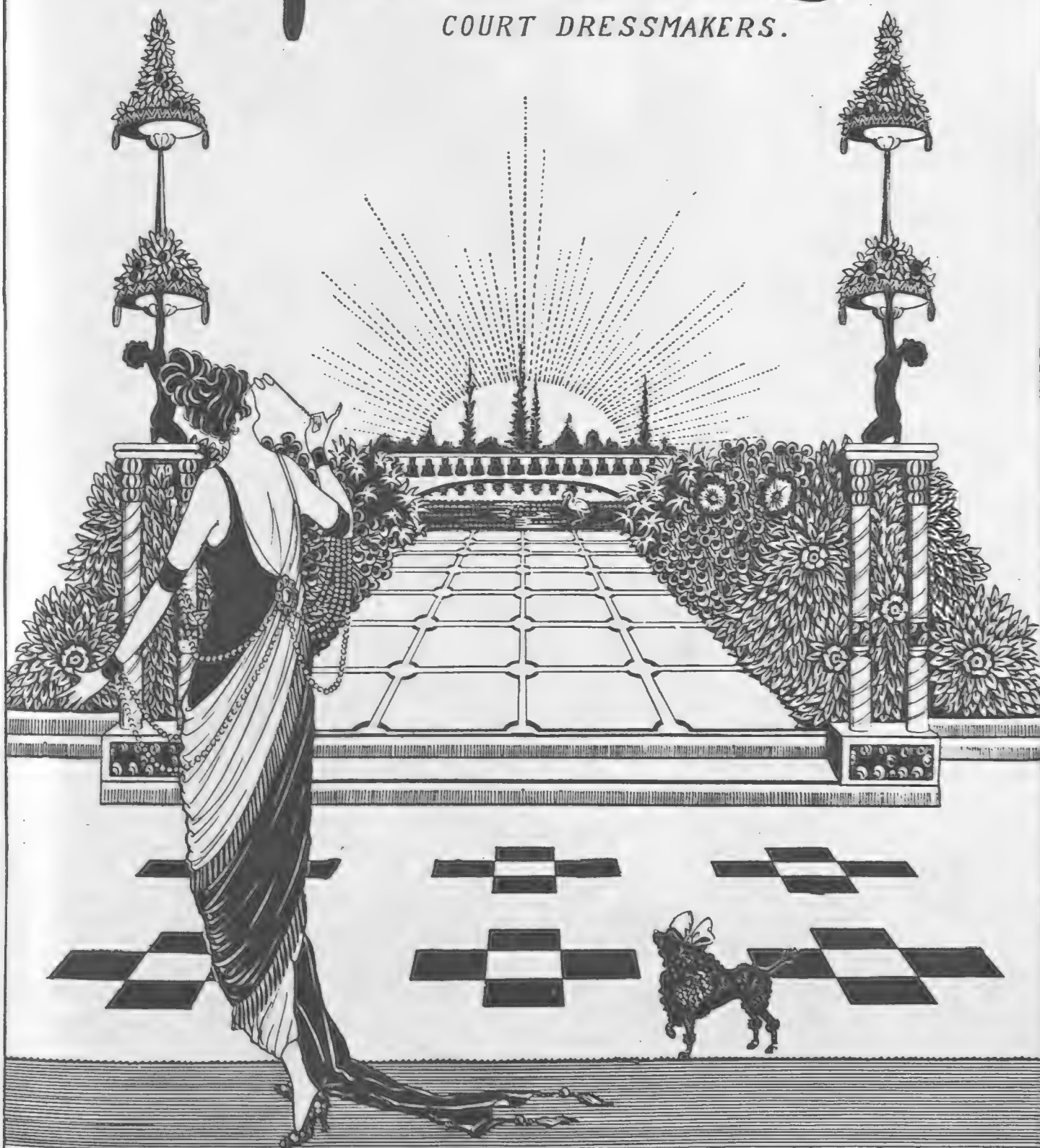
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Continued.]

we should receive them if their books were originally conceived on the Underground and written at 87, Majuba Drive, Peckham Rye. So why tell us?

Princesses and the Pen. Equally exalted are the circles in which the characters of Princess Bibesco's stories have their distinguished being. Mr. Frankau's readers hardly speak to anyone below the level of a huntsman. Princess Bibesco's are kept in a still more rarefied atmosphere. The air in her little sketches is always heavy with the most expensive flowers. One assumes that the food (although we are never told so) is uniformly out of season, and the rents are extremely high. The faint vulgarity of this mannerism makes her in some ways join in the sound British tradition of the Lady Ermytrude reclining in her Gilded Boudoir. And it seems a pity to conceal her



GIVING A SPECIAL MATINÉE AT 45, PONT STREET, ON FEBRUARY 10: Mlle. BEATRICE DE HOLTHOIR, THE WELL-KNOWN DISEUSE.

Mlle. Beatrice de Holthoir has recently been in Paris, where she has been buying plays for England and America. She has just returned to London, and is giving a special matinée of French poems and original American dialogues on Friday, February 10, at 45, Pont Street, the house of Dame Alice Godman, D.B.E. The matinée is in aid of funds for the relief of a destitute family in Russia, and Princess Obolensky-Yourievsky has consented to sing at it.—[Photograph by McClure Studio.]

natural intelligence in this rather second-rate literary disguise.

Good Talk. Frankly, her little stories have all an air of enshrining one or more good remarks which in conversation have been much admired. The lady who always looked as though her shoes had been recommended by a chiropodist, and the whole portrait of the man in the first story—"When he lost a game, he was always the first to congratulate the winner with the invariable formula, 'The best man won.' Victorious, he never omitted to say, 'You were a bit off colour, old chap,' to his defeated opponent. . . . He believed in not believing in God. . . . He loved animals; he was on the wine committee of his club"—that sort of thing is excellent, spiteful talk. But when it is printed, it has an air of undergraduate facility which is not quite (is it?) what we go to books for.

Mild Tales. That is Princess Bibesco's manner when she is spiteful. But it is far preferable to her manner when she deals with Passion. The human emotions appear to cause in her reactions strikingly similar to those once enjoyed by Miss Louise Heilgers. It is a pleasant gift. But it is very far removed from reality, and one hardly helps it out by such straining after

descriptive novelty as "the hard patches of magnesium made by the moon on the floor" and landscapes where "the crimson rocks and sapphire sea seem to have caught God in a poster mood." And not all the brilliant unexpectedness of their repartees (which rise to the sustained coruscation of a cigarette advertisement) can make her little dummies come to life among their poinsettias and their gardenias and their old ivories and their lacquer cabinets.

The Real Thing. So one goes back from the amateurs' part of the pavilion to the pros, with a re-kindling hope. Mr. Phillips Oppenheim is an old practitioner without Princess Bibesco's passion for the more expensive forms of botany, or Mr. Gilbert Frankau's social obsessions. One can rely on him for a sound, smoothly running, unpretentious piece of story-telling which gives itself no airs and will not be dated from the Old Parsonage, Little Sneethings, Hickory St. Mary's, Dumpshire. One strolls up to his stall with the happy feelings of a man walking into a first-rate music-hall after attending a succession of not particularly successful plays. Here, at any rate, there is no pretence that one is being given a picture of life in England in the year 1920. This is sheer fiction, with the jocund air of having been composed by a clear-headed person on a typewriter. This out of a rather floundering first night into a highly competent crook play that has been running for years. So long and long may Mr. Phillips Oppenheim's productions run! They deserve it. There is no nonsense about them, no personal publicity about them, but just a steady determination to entertain the reader with a sound commercial product. And there are many baser ambitions than that in contemporary letters.

The Stuff.

"... And, incidentally, you are going to help me to break the man whom I think that you hate almost as much as I do."

"You don't mean Phipps-Dreadnought Phipps?" Slate exclaimed, suddenly laying down his knife and fork.

"I do," Wingate answered. "We are up against each other once more, and, believe me, Slate, this is going to be the last time."

"There was a smouldering fire in Slate's fine eyes. Nevertheless, he seemed disturbed."

And no wonder. There you have the soundest tradition of working British fiction without affectation or pretensions. No Fine Shades for Mr. Phillips Oppenheim. None of your psychological fiction for him. He knows his Job. And does it.

A Crook.

You will not be surprised, if you are a person of fictional experience, to ascertain that Mr. Phipps's height exceeded six feet, and that "his mouth, when closed, rather resembled some sort of a trap." And now you know what you are in for. So (since you have met Mr. Oppenheim—if not Mr. Phipps—before) you read on. He says, "See here." He says, "Let's cut that out." He is—as he would indubitably remark of himself—the Goods. He even says, "Say, this is the worst thing ever." One was positively waiting for him to reveal a Heart of Gold. It came at the end.



THE AUTHOR OF "WAY OF REVELATION," THE REMARKABLE FIRST NOVEL WHICH EVERYONE IS READING: MR. WILFRED EWART.

Mr. Wilfred Ewart's "Way of Revelation," published by Putnams, is a remarkable first novel, and has attracted universal attention. Sir Philip Gibbs considers that no more truthful and vivid picture of what life between 1914-19 was like has been written in English. It is a fine, gripping book, written in a clear style, and no one should miss reading it. Through this, his first book, Mr. Wilfred Ewart has leapt into fame.—[Camera Portrait by Hoppl.]

Finance and a Tangle.

Came instead a tangle of high finance and wicked wheat corners and speculators with revolvers, and lovely ladies. It is like stepping

Sound Story-Telling.

All Mr. Oppenheim's people are dummies. But you do not go to crook melodramas for psychology. None of his situations are actual. But if they were, his book would require to be far more elaborately written before it would be readable. It is just what it pretends to be. No more and no less. And that is what, in a railway train, a good many of us want. It is the logical consequence of Mr. Frankau's demand for plain story-telling. And Mr. Oppenheim tells his story without frills.



INTERESTED IN RAISING FUNDS TO PAY THE ELECTION EXPENSES OF WOMEN CANDIDATES: THE HON. MRS. GIDEON MURRAY.

The Hon. Mrs. Gideon Murray, the wife of the Hon. Gideon Murray, M.P., brother of Lord Elibank, is the Hon. Secretary of the Million Shilling Appeal which the Women's Election Committee are launching in order to provide a central fund to pay the expenses of approved women candidates for Parliament.

Photograph by Vandyk.

The Love Story of Aliette Brunton. By Gilbert Frankau. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)

I Have Only Myself to Blame. By Elizabeth Bibesco. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d. net.)

The Profiteers. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net.)

BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKY



"BLACK & WHITE"

The Largest Stocks of old matured Scotch Malt Whisky are held by James Buchanan and Co., Ltd., and Associated Companies, which enables them to maintain their pre-War standard of age and quality.



Through a Glass Lightly.

Ghost-Walking. Incidents concerned with the recent—and, let us hope, late—theatrical slump are being related by the score, almost as many as the number of plays that come off per week. There was one case of a leading man—who belonged to no union—demanding to be paid for rehearsals. The manager was astounded, because the actor refused to talk about the

can't tell. But I can tell you one thing; and that is, I hate faddists." So far—a definite assertion. Then from the cheery one, who loved a discussion, and who had pulled up his chair: "H'm; believe you're right, too. Which is the particular faddist that comes within the region of—?" "Oh, you know him," interrupted the gloomy one, brightening up. "I mean that chap Foolsrand." The embodiment of cheer agreed that he knew Foolsrand all right. "That fellow who's mad on antiques," he added. "Same chap," said Gloom; "he was round at our place last Thursday and—?" There was a pause. "Good heavens!" said Cheer, "you don't mean to say he pinched any of your pewter or old silver!" The gloomy one leaned back and said: "Not that I'm aware of; but I haven't seen my wife since Thursday."

Too many high-flyers nowadays are misled by mispronunciation into the belief that *des ailes* is the same thing as *du zèle*. Hence the crashes.

"M'own li'l old home town"—is the American for a place you avoid once you're out of it.

City men, in these days of slackness, always say at about half-past twelve: "Well, I'm going out to business, now." They mean that they are going to lunch. There, they can talk business.

Reverting to Wives.

Reverting (good word to use in things domestic and wife question—shall be, a question—here

with a friend. So there!" Early that evening Hubby crawled home hours before his usual time. "God! she had gone!" So he pulled himself together and declared to himself that he, too, would teach her a lesson. He went and slept in the spare room. Early betimes in the morning, he crept into the kitchen, tip-toed stealthily about looking for tea, milk, sugar, and other things which few married men know where to look for. Finally, two cups of tea were prepared, and he carried them to his wife's room.

She was not there!

The man who says he knows all that there is to know was told that by some devoted female.

If only a woman wouldn't tell you what she knows, she would know much more.

Flapperdom reached its philosophical limit last week when my pet flapper said: "I wish mother didn't look so old. She's spoiling my chances."

Up All Day.

It may be taken for granted that it is the unconscious quip that counts; it is the languid laugh that lives. An instance: I know a fellow who hadn't been seen before lunch in the past twenty years. But he is the invariable life and soul of a midnight party. The other night, just as things were livening up, he yawned, slapped his hands on his knees, stood up and lazily burred, half-sorrowfully, half-determinedly: "Well, good-night, chaps. I'm off to bed." In consternation at so unique an avowal, one of the party exclaimed: "What! so early? Why, the night isn't begun yet!" "Maybe," drawled the champion night-bird. "But, you see, I've been up all day—lunched with Blank. Good-night."

A lady who hailed from East Ham Attempted to jump on a tram.

She fell in the mud

With a sickening thud

And, distinctly, was heard to say—"Safety First." SPEN.



"ALL FOR LOVE"—BY MERTON COLLEGE HALL: MRS. JULIAN HUXLEY, THE HON. MRS. OWEN BUCKMASTER, AND LORD CLONMORE.

The Oxford undergraduate production of "All for Love; or, the World Well Lost," Dryden's version of "Antony and Cleopatra," was extremely interesting, more especially as the play was given faithfully in the manner of the seventeenth century, when it was written. The Hon. Mrs. Owen Buckmaster played Cleopatra, and Mrs. Julian Huxley and Lord Clonmore, only son of the Earl of Wicklow, are shown with her, in the scene representing Cleopatra's palace. The Hon. Mrs. Owen Buckmaster is the daughter-in-law of Lord Buckmaster, an ex-Lord High Chancellor. She is a well-known amateur actress, and we give a portrait of her as Rosalind on another page.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

regular contract proposed. "No," he said. "Pay me for rehearsals and I'll play the part in the production for nothing." "Absurd!" spoke the manager—"absurd, altogether absurd." Theatrical managers always speak like that. "Absurd is it?" said the actor querulously. "Well, let me tell you this. In your last ten productions I rehearsed for seven weeks and got only one week's pay for the run of the piece. Therefore, I will now sign to do this part if paid for rehearsals only. Absurd, indeed!"

Expectancy is the Hall Mark of Inefficiency.

To believe is not to know. That is why a bachelor believes in another man's wife more than her husband does.

Missing: One Wife.

He was a gloomy-looking fellow who came into the club on a Sunday afternoon, when nobody goes to his club unless he has no home, no friends, and no money, or unless he has a "job of work" to do, and the only available "grub-shop" is the club. Anyway, he was gloomy. One of the less gloomy went up to him with that cheery optimism of the confirmed pessimist and started off with: "Rotten day, isn't it?" The gloomy one rolled his subduing eyes in the direction of the other's face, and gloomed thus, in speech: "Don't even know the date; so

or legal) to the husband and wife question—was, is, and ever is a horrible experience that was chiefly accounted for by the recent gales and storms, which resulted, in the break-up of the telephone system and the congestion of transport. Hubby had been "kept at the office" for too many nights in succession. Wifey declared she was getting fed up and would go back to mother, and all that kind of stuff. Then she took a new line. She said: "John, you can come home to-night at what time you like, and in what state your club friends like, but I'm going out on my own to dine



ANOTHER PRINCE OF WALES'S SHOOTING PARTY IN INDIA: THE LATE KING EDWARD VII. AND HIS FIRST TIGER.

This photograph of the late King Edward was taken on the occasion of his visit to India when Prince of Wales, and shows him with his first tiger. The Royal sportsman is second from the left, in the back row, holding his rifle; and the names of the other members of the party, as given on the original photograph, are Mr. W. H. Russell, Lord A. Paget, Sir Joseph Fayrer, Major Bradford, Mr. Sidney Hall, Lord Aylesford, Colonel Beynon, Major Henderson, and Lord Carington.



Eventually— Why not NOW?

"Hullo! old chap. You're late."

"Yes, had a big post to wade through."

"Anything very important?"

"Nothing whatever. Mostly invitations to open accounts from firms I've never heard of. Waste-paper basket fodder, I call them."

"It's extraordinary how these mushroom firms crop up in the Spring and invariably disappear before flat racing is far advanced."

"For my part I cannot possibly understand them getting a single bite when there's a firm like Duggie's that not only gives the backer every possible concession, but whose name—as the *Pall Mall* said—'stands for all that is best in the racing world.'"

"Yes, I've had hundreds of friends ask me to recommend them to a good man and my advice is always the same."

"What's that?"

"Do it with Duggie and you'll be perfectly safe."

**WHY NOT WRITE TO-DAY AND
OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT?**

NO LIMIT

on singles, doubles or accumulators.

PLACE BETTING

when favourite starts "odds on."

PAYMENT IN FULL

for lost or wrongly translated wires. Client may wire instructions from Course up to "Off."

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UNLIMITED DOUBLE EVENTS.

ONE-THIRD ODDS FOR PLACES

ON ALL FUTURE HANDICAPS.

Douglas Stuart

New Oxford St., London.

WRITE TO-DAY

AND OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT.

Motor Dicta. By Gerald Biss.



A New "Olympia" and a New—?

easy accessible—up to the time of writing the exact site is wropt in mystery, if not in fog—one of their first clients will undoubtedly be the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, if it be upon a big enough scale to meet the whole of the November demands for space. The exhibition problem has sorely troubled the pundits of automobilism for a very long time, and has grown increasingly acute since the war; and, in addition to many ha'pence from other sources, they have received many kicks from the outlaws of the White City. Nothing, I am certain, could delight their kindly hearts more truly or ease their terms of office more surely, despite the danger of knighthood, than to see all their flock, sheep and goats alike, happily penned beneath one roof for better, for worse. In fact, from a financial point of view, were I an automobilious pundit, I should be very much inclined to offer some of the well-lined war-chest of the S.M.M.T. for a share in the syndicate, if allowed to participate, thereby securing an option upon such dates as required for exhibition purposes, to say nothing of a share in the profits all round. I shall be very interested when full particulars of the latest Charlie Cochran stunt, especially as to actual site and size, be revealed; and so will they! It can't be a cheap proposition, anyhow; but it is one which is badly wanted in London of all places.

Auto Swank-Area, W.I.

When the automobile industry in its early infancy began to crane its neck and first sat up in search of nourishment, in the first days of its serious invasion of the 'Metropolis, just as once upon a time when we were young, toys had dug themselves in at H.Q., Lowther Arcade, motor merchants singled out Long Acre as their Naboth's vineyard and established themselves there in force. Then after a while it began to look as though Great Portland Street was going to supplant Long Acre and become the hub of London auto-vending, and to this day it holds a strong, though now distinctly a secondary, position to the Bond Street area. This particularly high-brow neighbourhood and the streets off it were first touched by the Lanchester, actually in it, and the Rolls-Royce in Conduit Street; while the Napier has never been far off in New Burlington Street. Then came the Fiat (via Piccadilly) to Albemarle Street,

where the Lancia and the Spa from Italy are also housed, to say nothing of the Voisin and Malcolm Campbell's mixed emporium of sporting autos large and small, with the recent German invasion at the corner. The Crossley has been established abutting the Rolls in Conduit Street for some time; while Bond Streets, Old and New, have added the Armstrong-Siddeley, the Talbot-Darracq, the Sizaire-Berwick, the Angus-Sanderson, and possibly others I do not recall to memory at the actual



SPEED ICE-SLEDS—WITH MOTOR-CYCLE ENGINES—ON LAKE HOPATCONG: THE LATEST IN WINTER-SPORTING FROM AMERICA.

The latest form of winter-sporting comes from America and takes the form of transforming motor-cycles into fast ice-sleds for the benefit of those who wish to tear across the frozen lakes at high speed. The novel "vehicles" hold as many as five persons, and are shown on Lake Hopatcong, N.J.—[Photograph by Wide World Photos.]

moment; and, in addition, there are the new Sunbeam show-rooms just off Hanover Square, and the wonderful Wolseley building, of which I wrote at show time, next to the Ritz—the finest in London, if not the world. And now last week that eminently and essentially British firm, the Humber,



AT HUNTON BRIDGE, HERTS: A 40-50-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER.

This photograph of a 40-50-h.p. six-cylinder Napier was taken at Hunton Bridge, Herts. On the right may be seen the cross which has been erected as a village war memorial.

in addition to its Holborn headquarters, swooped down West and opened up at 94, New Bond Street, right in the heart of auto-swaggerdom. I am certain that it is a wise move, and the quality of its models justifies its invasion. Landlords in this area have a great deal to be thankful for to automobilism; and if this congregation of the

elect continue to thicken at the present rate there will soon cease to be any real necessity to hold a motor show at all—even though Mr. Cochran do so kindly provide the right building on the right site. Devonshire House would from every point of view be ideal—nice and matey and keeping it all in the family, so to speak.

"Morty" Boys. Since the war everything has been in a state of flux and reconstruction, and the sport of motor-boating has found it quite as hard as, if not harder than, most to get on an even keel and go all out ahead. Last season, however, despite fearful odds of more sorts than one, the British Motor-Boat Club worked in several successful meetings, including Southend, Lowestoft, and Burnham, a couple in conjunction with the Royal Motor-Yacht Club at Hythe and Poole; and the annual London-to-Cowes and Poole-to-Hythe events for cabin-cruisers. Entries showed a great improvement, and prizes in cash of considerable value, in addition to a

"monkey's" worth of cups, were put up to be raced for. This year things promise better still, as the club only made a small loss on working in 1921, and is now in a strong financial position to forge ahead. Moreover, its highly popular pre-war Commodore, Commander Morton Smart, D.S.O.,

R.N.V.R., M.D., who threw up Harley Street in 1914 for a pirate's life on the high seas of the Archipelago, has once again actively taken the helm, and will, as before the war, be the moving spirit, especially in the racing. Last week the club held its annual dinner at the Engineers' Club, and, further, moved into its new club premises at the Hotel Cecil, which will henceforth be its headquarters upon land. The new B.M.B.C. quarters are on the India floor, where the "Morty" boys must take great care on no account by mistake to stray into the American bar with its insidious inducements. The club-rooms are most easily approached from the Embankment entrance, and there is a very handy garage there for members' cars. The B.M.B.C. has always been a very merry and bright sporting crowd,

and it should certainly have a long life and a cheery one before it after having pulled through the throes of reconstruction under very difficult circumstances. Personally, I doubt if there be any more delightful form of motoring than upon the water, especially in a big fast boat. It combines the joys of



H.M. THE KING.

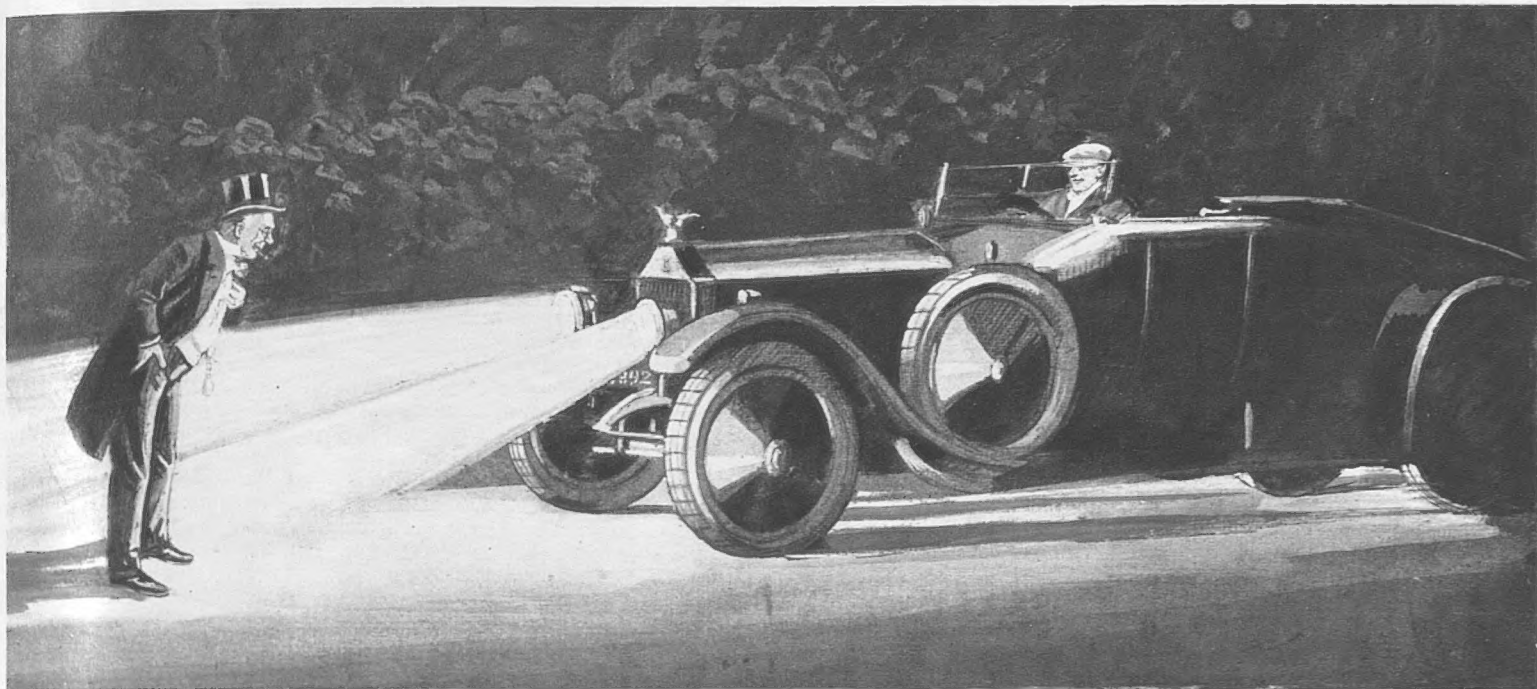
THE Dazzle Problem Solved!

RAPSON "DIPPING" HEADLIGHTS FOR ALL!

Another amazingly simple invention from Lionel Rapson, which reduces the price from £20 to £5!



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.



"PLEASED TO MEET YOU!"

RECIPROCATED COURTESY: Instinctive action of old gentleman, who courteously bows to motorist who has lowered his headlights.

AS USED BY

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

H.R.H. The Duke of York.

The Prime Minister, etc., etc.

*Vide Mr. W. HAROLD JOHNSON,
Motor Editor "COUNTRY LIFE."*

"If Rapson Dipping Headlights were universally used, danger from dazzling headlights would be rendered definitely impossible, while the efficacy of the lamps is in no way impaired. For driving in fog the device is ideal, because it removes from the front of the car that bank of reflected light which is the chief danger from which the fog-bound motorist suffers."

Universal Model

Complete set, in black enamel, ready to attach to existing brackets, with "Bowden" wire driving seat control lever.

£5!

Model-de-Luxe

Complete set, nickel-plated, ready to attach to existing brackets, with "Bowden" wire driving seat control lever.

£7 : 10!

*Vide Mr. EDGAR N. DUFFIELD,
Motor Editor "THE AUTO."*

"Until one has driven—not merely ridden in, but *driven*—a car fitted with Rapson Dipping Headlamps one cannot, simply *cannot*, realise the delight of the control given, both from one's own point of view, and from those of all other road-users."

TO MOTORISTS.

Safety First! Any device that takes away the full power of your headlights is more dangerous than dazzle! Switching off is suicidal! The Rapson Patent Headlamp Fittings enable you to lower your beam beneath eye level when meeting other road users, and raise it again the moment you have passed. The slightest tilt of the lamps immediately stops dazzle.

TO FACTORS, TRADERS AND COACH-BUILDERS.

This wonderful Rapson invention is going on every car in the country and will probably be made a compulsory fitment. We want hundreds of traders to act as our agents and where possible to fit the "Universal" Model to their own demonstration cars. A post-card is all that is necessary in the first instance to secure full particulars.

RAPSON Tyre & Jack CO., LTD.
BURLINGTON ROAD, NEW MALDEN, SURREY

Telephone:
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RAPSONO, NEW MALDEN.



This charming little camisole, sketched at Woolland's, is composed of linen lawn, real lace, and drawn thread-work. The cap is of gold lace and embroidery.

Furs for the Spring.

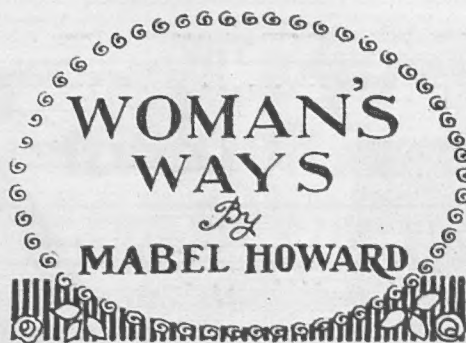
It is quite a mistaken idea to think that furs should always be associated with ice and snow, for even last summer—which was the hottest experienced for a long time—they were not discarded. Grey fur of every description is to be very much worn in the spring, especially moleskin trimmed with kitten fox. Most exquisite wraps are composed of this fur mounted on chiffon; the combination of materials drapes naturally and hangs in graceful folds. The short fur coats worn by our grandmothers have reappeared—slightly disguised it is true, but still remaining faithful to the quaint shawl-shaped form with little sleeves. Others are made casaque fashion, reaching just below the waist and having wide sleeves. Ring-tail opossum will be employed for stoles, and mink coats, unrivalled for warmth, are most useful at the races. The great feature of mink is the working of the skins, which lend themselves to the loveliest designs.

The Latest Idea for Waistcoats.

There is no monotony in waistcoats just now, which is good news, as nothing adds to the smartness of a tailored costume more than a pretty waistcoat. Organdie muslin, brocade, and even suède are used to make these fascinating accessories, which are sleeveless, and kept in place by an elastic at the waist, so there is no fear of any "bunchy" appearance under the well-fitting coat. Organdie adorned with tiny frills, recalling the jabot, is always smart, and for more elaborate wear, flowered brocade, fastened with steel buttons, and falling well below the waist. Dull suède, edged with a brighter colour, looks well with a tweed coat; and tucked georgette, with tiny black velvet links, accompanies the *habillé* suit. Shoes and stockings will match the furs rather than the costume.

Ribbons and Their Uses.

Ribbon has never been so much in demand as at the present moment. It is employed in a thousand ways for trimming frocks, and many of the new furs are finished with huge bows. Gorgeous coloured ribbon, striped or tinsel-embroidered, is used as a belt for the black cloth luncheon frocks that are so fashionable. Strands of delicate tinted ribbon, looped over fine lace, make an attractive



frock for the young girl. The very latest bags from Paris are composed of ribbon woven to represent an ancient Egyptian scene, or a Japanese garden. Even children do not escape this mode, for simple little tunic frocks are trimmed with flat loops of ribbon, and party dresses are ornamented with many ruchings and quillings.

For the Trousseau.

There is nothing more fascinating than the choosing of a trousseau, and when we compare the severe underclothes worn by our grandmothers with the elegant models of to-day, the bride-to-be may well heave a sigh of content! What would our great-aunt have thought of the exquisite little camisole pictured in the left-hand sketch? It is made of linen lawn, trimmed with real lace and drawn thread-work; the close-fitting cap is composed of gold lace embroidered with coloured flowers and adorned with little side-curls. Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge, are responsible for these delightful accessories, and also for the Dutch cap of lace and crêpe-de-Chine, and the nightdress. There is something quite special about this nightgown, for



Triple ninon and point-de-Paris are used to obtain this fascinating nightgown. The Dutch cap is of lace and crêpe-de-Chine. Sketched at Woolland's.

Lingerie suitable for wearing with evening frocks is always difficult to choose, but Woolland's have some delightful garments, comprising petticoat, knickers, and camisole all in one. These can be obtained in all colours to match each dress, and are available in many materials, including crêpe-de-Chine.

Sweet Sixteen.

Everyone will agree that it is much more difficult to dress the schoolgirl than her elder sister. Her frocks must not be copies of her mother's, nor can they be replicas of the younger children's. Now, Mme. Barri, 31, Baker Street, has created some delightful models for young girls. Freshness and simplicity are the lines on which she works. The charming little frock sketched on this page is composed of white organdie muslin over pink voile; the apron effect edged with tiny frills is essentially youthful. Made in foulard and georgette, it would be equally becoming to the young married woman. Navy gabardine trimmed with black braid and buttons makes the second frock; it is so practical, and the collar and cuffs of embroidery lend it a very demure air. Summer frocks of hard-wearing washing materials are already visible, and it is wise to order them soon, for sweet sixteen does not like to be kept waiting, and later on there is sure to be a rush: they cost from 51 guineas. Mme. Barri is always willing to make school frocks of any special design, and she has one extremely pretty woollen dress for children, that is only 3½ guineas.



Madame Barri has created these frocks of girlish simplicity and charm.

it is carried out in triple ninon trimmed with point-de-Paris, and the skirt is attached to the corsage by hand-embroidered points.

For the Races.

With the Grand National in view, sportswomen will be wanting a new tailored costume; and as the weather is not always as kind as we should wish it to be, it is wiser to be prepared for the worst and have a wrap coat as well.

(Continued overleaf.)



*Only An Expert in Gems
can do it*

SIDE by side an Oriental Necklace and a Tècla Necklace are the same in shape and surface irregularities, identical in orient and colouring, matching their sullen fires, pearl for pearl, the full length of the strand, and defying all but an expert in gems to tell the origin of one from the other.

In graduating strands, and fastening with a diamond clasp in original designs, a Tècla Necklace is, for all the world, an Oriental Necklace in appearance.

TECLA PEARL NECKLACES
with genuine Diamond Clasps, from 10 guineas

Tècla

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Miss Mary Olette
wearing a
Condor Hat



If you are tired of
"Same-Style" Hats
ask for a —

Condor
next time!

They are always Exclusive.

Condor Hats

Produced by—
J. & K. CONNOR, LTD.
London · Luton · Paris.

SOLD BY
Leading Milliners
the world over.
Address of Nearest Retailer
Furnished on Request.

CAMERA STUDY
BY ARBUTHNOT.

Continued.

Aquascutum, Ltd., 100, Regent Street, have designed an extremely smart coat and skirt, and a very elegant cape made of the same material as the costume. The coat is built on straight, semi-fitting lines, producing a slender silhouette, and the suiting is quite new. Imagine rather indistinct squares of soft grey material with an overcheck of faint blue, slightly rough, and hanging in graceful



A perfectly tailored costume, designed and carried out by "Aquascutum."

folds. The cape to wear with this costume falls straight from the neck, the collar is large, and there are slits for the arms through which a narrow belt can be passed at will, thus holding the fullness together in front, and leaving the back free. A little pull-on hat of the same material completes this suit. Of course, the cape can be made of pure wool and weatherproof "Aquascutum" cloths; also of chevots and homespuns.

Where Economy is an Art.

Do not forget to mark February 13 on your calendar, for on that day Harrods, Knightsbridge, start their great white sale, which lasts only one week. The reduction in prices is so astounding that one is obliged to ask twice before realising that it is possible to obtain the prettiest garments at a really ridiculous cost. Imagine hand-embroidered nightgowns of Egyptian cotton for 5s. 11d.; also the chemise and knickers to match for 3s. 11d.! There are little petticoats of the same material, and, of course, embroidered, for 6s. 11d. French lawn nightdresses, with coloured borders, are 9s. 9d.; and the chemise and knickers to match cost 6s. 11d. each. Voile lingerie is always attractive, and there are nightgowns to slip on over the head in the softest shades, for 12s. 6d.; while opera-top chemises and knickers to match are 6s. 11d. each. Lingerie crêpe is another fascinating material, and the

chemise and knickers made of this are irresistible. The price is 14s. 9d. each, and there is an elegant nightdress to match, Empire shape, with a ribbon at the waist. Indeed, there are so many exclusive designs that the illustrated catalogue—which is sent on application—will prove a real help. Note must also be made of the fact that this is an excellent occasion for the good housewife to replenish her household linen.

Flowers and Perfumes.

Everyone will acknowledge that the charm of the garden is in the perfume of its flowers. The scent of flowers invariably awakens some memory of forgotten days; but, alas! flowers fade. Still, their scent can be with us always. That great artist Barranger has succeeded in capturing the perfume of flowers in a manner that has never been surpassed, and he is offering his famous French scent at English prices. "Princesse Charmante" is his latest achievement, and it is impossible to describe the alluring charm that its name alone implies; it is only 8s. 6d. a bottle. "Rose d'Avril" and "Lilas Bleu" imprison the soul of their flower namesakes in elegant bottles, and they cost 7s. 6d. each. "Violette de Nice" recalls visions of the blue sea; and "Sapho" and "Chypre" are Eastern and mysterious. There are artistic caskets containing six little bottles of delightful perfume for 10s. 6d., but these are well worth a guinea; you can also buy pretty sample bottles of these perfumes for 2s. each. Barranger has not devoted all his energies to scent, for he has also prepared some powder for 4s. a box, and face-cream in porcelain jars that are in themselves an ornament to the dressing-table. All Barranger's preparations can be obtained from any high-class chemist, or from the London dépôt, 34, Buckingham Palace Road.

Enlarge Your Wardrobe.

Many people are very tired of the conventional wardrobe, with its restricted space and general inaccessibility, so they will welcome with delight the Watts fitting—a most ingenious device which puts order in the wardrobe and trebles its capacity. This contrivance is constructed of nickel-plated steel; one part is screwed to the ceiling of the wardrobe, and the bottom portion—which slides on roller bearings—is extensible. The clothing is placed on hangers, which are hooked to the bottom portion; and when any article of wearing apparel is required, the whole contents of the wardrobe are drawn right outside, making selection quite easy. The fitting is made in many sizes, and costs 12s. 6d. When ordering, it is necessary to state the inside back and front measurement of the wardrobe; carriage is paid in the United Kingdom. In a large wardrobe, two or more of these fittings can be fixed, and they are always very useful under a corner cupboard. The manufacturer is John Watts, of Lambert Works, Sheffield.

Holeless Stockings.

Everyone has experienced the annoyance, and sometimes a real shock of horror, when suddenly a slender ladder creeps down the stocking from the knee, or a gaping tear appears above the heel of the shoe. If we are at home, it is possible to repair these ravages, though few women like darning stockings. But, unfortunately, they so often take us by surprise in a crowded street, or even at an afternoon dance. Holeproof hosiery is a boon and a blessing to all, for with this there is no fear of accidents; and not only will these stockings stand real hard wear, but in appearance they have no rival. Made in all sizes, of pure silk, reinforced at the heel and toe with softest Egyptian cotton, they fit closely round the ankle, and there is no unsightly sagging that so often spoils the smartest pair of feet. It is always possible to recognise Holeproof

hosiery, for the stockings are sold in little yellow boxes, on which the word "Tri-Tex" is printed. They can be obtained at all large stores, even in out sizes, and the price is 10s. 6d. a pair.

The Charm of Youth.

After the age of twenty-five, no woman cares to carry her birthday on her face; and even if she is gowned in the most perfect clothes, but feels that her face is tired and lined, she loses confidence in herself—and loss of confidence invariably means loss of charm. Our mirror is pitiless in pointing out the tell-tale lines round the eyes, and the ugly sagging of the neck; but it is possible to arrest these finger-marks of Time and bring back the roundness of youth to our faces if we wish to. Mme. Eve, 55, Berners Street, has created a system of facial exercises which works wonders on the tired muscles; and because her method is natural, it is undetectable. Her treatment is purely physical, and a course of easy, restful exercises, costing only 3½ guineas, lasts a lifetime—for once learnt, they cannot be forgotten. Mme. Eve will teach her pupils personally or by correspondence; and if there is any particular defect they wish to erase she will send one section of exercises for 25s.; and, of course, everyone should write for her booklet.

Dainty Cakes.

Every housewife who studies modern methods of producing pastry, pie-crust, cakes, and the multitude of other dainty comestibles must of necessity use Borwick's baking powder to achieve results that give real satisfaction. Its use is most economical, requiring not only less baking powder, but about half the usual



Let wind and rain do their worst, this "Aquascutum" cape does not fear the elements.

quantity of butter or lard. It also effects a great saving in eggs, and the pastry and cakes so prepared are delicious.